EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

WORK AND PLAY IN COLONIAL DAYS

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EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

WORK AND PLAY IN COLONIAL DAYS

BY

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WORK AND PLAY IN COLONIAL DAYS

WORK AND PLAY IN COLONIAL DAYS

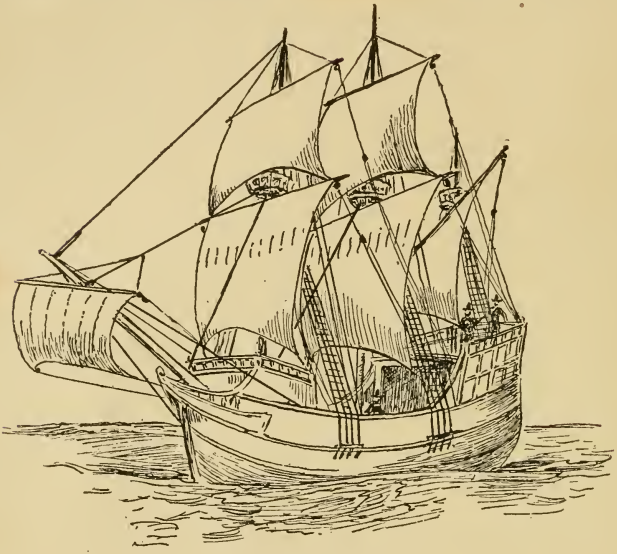
CHAPTER I

The Emigrants

A little over three hundred years ago a ship whose name has become very famous anchored on our New England coast. It was an emigrant ship, the *Mayflower*, from Plymouth, England. You have seen, perhaps, the great ocean liners with their thousand or more emigrant passengers. Very different in looks was this small sailing vessel with its hundred English-speaking passengers. There were no steamships in those days, and crossing the Atlantic was long and dangerous. This small sailing vessel had been three months crossing the stormy Atlantic.

They had come so far and to such a wild, unknown country for reasons very different

from those which the modern emigrant has for coming to America. The latter comes to better his condition, to get work that is



The Mayflower

better paid than in his own country, sometimes to get rid of military service. The Pilgrims came that they might live in their own way, have their own government and their own church.

Twelve years before, they had left England

for Holland, a country where their religious beliefs were tolerated and where their children could receive a good education. The story of their last years in England is a very sorrowful one. At that time everyone had to go to one church and to pay to help support it. Many people disliked being obliged to attend a church in whose teachings they did not wholly believe, but only a few had the courage to say so. These few, mostly poor men, established a little church of their own where they could have such simple services as they believed in.

In our own day there are many such separate small meetings of people who do not believe quite as our churches do. These people are free to have such gatherings and to do and say what pleases them if they are orderly and peaceable. Three hundred years ago everything was different. These few poor people were forbidden to come together, and when they disobeyed, their meetings were broken up by soldiers and they were punished by being fined and imprisoned. This treatment

drove them to the resolution of leaving England for Holland.

To migrate to Holland, of itself, was a great hardship. Most of them had homes and were living in the same places where their fathers and grandfathers had lived before them. They sold these homes and their belongings to get money for going. What a hard thing it must have been for them to think of giving up all their comfortable things, to go to a strange country where even the language was different from their own English tongue. The next step was to get a ship to carry them to Holland. They were not allowed to leave peacefully, however. The authorities hindered their going by every means in their power. No English ship owner or captain dared to carry them, so they tried to engage a Dutch boat.

William Bradford, who was one of these pilgrims, wrote the best history of the Plymouth Plantation. In it he tells of some of the difficulties they met with.

There was a large company of them purposed to get passage at Boston in Lincolnshire, and for that end hired a shipe, wholy to themselves, and made agreement with the maister to be ready at a certaine day, and take them and their goods in at a conveinente place, where they would all attende in readiness. So after long waiting & large expences, he came at length and toke them in in ye night. But when he had them & their goods abord, he betrayed them, having beforehand complotted with ye searchers & other officers so to doe; Who tooke them, and put them into open boats, & ther rifled (robbed) and ransacked them, searching them for money; and then carried them back into ye towne, & made them a specktacle to ye multitude, which cam flocking on all sides to behold them. Being thus first rifled and stripte of theur money, books and much other goods, they were comitted to warde (prison). Ye issue was that after a months imprisonmente, ye greatest part were dismiste & sent to the places from whence they came.

Another attempt to get away from England had even a more sorrowful ending. A large company had bargained with a Dutch sailing master and were to meet his vessel at a place on the coast where there was a large common from which they could be taken to

the vessel in small boats. The first part of the plan was carried out. Most of the men had been taken to the vessel, when its master "spied a great company, both horse and foote, with bills and guns & other weapons; for the country was raised to take them." The Dutchman was badly frightened, weighed his anchor, hoisted his sails, and sailed away.

Bradford tells the rest of the story in a moving way:

But ye poore men which were gott abord, were in great distress for their wives and children, which they saw thus to be taken, and were left destitute of their helps; It drew tears from their eyes, and anything they had they would have given to have been ashore againe; but all in vaine, ther was no remedy, they must thus sadly part.

Meantime the poor women and children who had been left behind were deserted by the few men who had been left, and were taken from one justice to another; no one knew what to do with this crowd of helpless ones who had no homes to go to, no husbands, or fathers to defend them.

The Poor Women and Children Were Taken from One Justice to Another

At last, "they were glad to be ridd of them on any terms," though Bradford says, "In the meantime they (poor soules) indured misery enough." The historian ends his account of the trouble in getting away from England thus: "And in ye end notwithstanding all these stormes of oppossition, they all gatt over at length, some at one time and some at another, and mette togeather againe according to their desires, with no small rejoicing." When we think that the man who wrote these words was one of the very number who suffered so much persecution, Mr. William Bradford, afterward governor of the colony, we understand better the "no small rejoicing" with which these Pilgrims found themselves all together at last in Holland, the land where they found freedom to worship as they would.

There they lived for twelve years in peace and comfort. Then the little children who had clung, crying, to their mothers as they saw the ship sail away carrying their fathers,

had grown to be large boys and girls. They had been in the Dutch schools, where they had learned to speak the language of the country. In their games, too, and in all their intercourse with schoolmates the Dutch language was used. They were in danger of forgetting their English tongue. This was unbearable to those English fathers and mothers who loved England though they had left her. They decided that they must move again, and this time a long, long journey was to be taken, across the sea to the shores of North America.

CHAPTER II

The Voyage and First Winter

Thus, for the sake of the children, was the voyage of the *Mayflower* undertaken. The story of that voyage is best told in a book sometimes called *The Log of the Mayflower*. It is a careful account of all that happened on the way and of much that came after their landing at Plymouth. The writer was the same Mr. William Bradford from whom we have quoted. Is it not a wonderful thing that the manuscript of the book has been kept for near three hundred years, and that we may see in his own handwriting and read in his own words what this Pilgrim wrote? The manuscript belongs to the State of Massachusetts and is deposited in the Library at Boston.

The voyage was a stormy one and they were "not a little joyfull" when they sighted the land called Cape Cod. There is a story that the women on the ship begged a boat of the captain that they might go on shore to wash the dirty linen which they had been unable to do during the voyage. We may fancy these Pilgrim mothers near the spot where stands now the great monument on Cape Cod, doing their homely, thoughtful work for the children. They were thankful no doubt to set foot on dry land again. So while the men were exploring the coast, in hope of finding a good landing place, they accomplished their task.

The men, meantime, found no good place to settle, neither was the harbor deep enough for large boats, and it was decided to sail along the coast northward. So after much anxious watching the shore they came into Plymouth harbor. Bradford closes his story thus: "On ye 16. of Desem, ye wind came faire, and they arrived safe in this harbor. And

after wards tooke better view of ye place, and resolved wher to pitch their dwelling; and ye 25. day begane to erect ye first house for comone use to receive them and their goods."

There were thirty children, according to Bradford's list of *Mayflower* passengers, who came to this wild and desolate place in the wintry December weather. Two babies had been born during the voyage, one Oceanus Hopkins named in honor of his birthplace, the other Peregrine White, whose name means wanderer or pilgrim. The cradle of this youngest Pilgrim is still kept in Plymouth. When we see such things as this small wooden cradle we seem to be nearer to those days, nearly three hundred years away.

It was for the sake of these children the parents had braved the dangers of the ocean and the perils of the shore. They wanted them to grow up away from the temptations of the city streets and the association with worldly companions. Bradford says, when

he is giving the reasons for their departure from Holland: "But that which was more lamentable, and of all sorrowes most heavie to be borne, was that many of their children, by those occasions, and ye manifold temptations of the place, were drawn away by evill examples into extravagant and dangerous courses, getting ye raines off their neks & departing from their parents, to ye great greefe of their parents and dishonour of God."

The early days of the Plymouth colony were, however, very hard on the little children and many mothers must have looked back with longing to the comforts of their stay in Holland, as they watched their precious little ones sicken and die in the harsh climate. Large families came to the settlers, but many, many little ones died almost as soon as they were born. The lack of medical care, the dreadful doses they were compelled to take, because the fathers and mothers knew nothing better, all of these were hard for the babies.

There was, however, another trial which was even more dreadful; the Puritan children had to be baptized a few days after they were born, and baptized in the meetinghouse. Now this was a barn-like place because it was unheated, and bare of any decoration such as make beautiful so many of our churches.

Sometimes the ice had to be broken in the christening bowl before the water could be used for its sacred purpose. Judge Sewall of Boston makes this entry in his diary: "A very extraordinary Storm by reason of the falling and driving of Snow. Few women could get to meeting. A child named Alexander was baptized in the afternoon." He tells also about his own baby, of four days old, shrinking from the icy water, but not crying.

Judge Sewall, a famous Puritan, wrote a diary for his own use and pleasure, which has been a great help to us in learning something of the life of those days, and it is fortunate that the making of diaries was a custom that even the children copied. There

were no newspapers in those days to record the events of daily living. I think no newspaper, however, would have told the story of this Puritan baby "who shrank from the icy water, but did not cry" as this father told it. It shows his own strong faith as well as his pride in the baby.

They died of all sorts of dreadful diseases, those poor little children. Sore throat, fevers, and smallpox carried them off even if they lived after baptism. Very little was known in those days of the prevention of disease. We, in the twentieth century, are only now learning facts of which those fathers and mothers knew nothing. Our children must have plenty of air and light, which they could not have had in their hastily built small shelters. Then they had no real drainage and we have learned how necessary that is to health. Even in very poor districts the modern city has great sewers to carry off the filth from streets and houses, because we know the importance of such cleanliness

to health. Much of the mortality of both grown people and children was due to lack of knowledge, and the children suffered most. Think of the pain of mothers so helpless to relieve and save! An instance is given of one mother, who in nine years lost five little ones, and out of six had only one child left.

We cannot wonder that the children died when we read of the medicines with which they were dosed. Snail water was used as a tonic; Venice treacle which was made of preserved vipers with twenty other ingredients was another of the most revolting remedies. Rickets was a new disease which had not been known in England. Here is a prescription given by a physician for its cure:

Dip the child in cold water, naked in the morning, head foremost in cold water, dont dress it Immediately but let it be made warm in ye cradle & sweat at least half an hour. Do this 3 mornings going & if one or both feet are cold while other parts sweat, Let a little blood be taken out of ye feet ye 2d morning, and it will cause them to sweat afterward.

CHAPTER III

Little Pioneers

It was fortunate for the future of the colony that in spite of so many deaths there were large families in every house. Sir William Phips was one of twenty-six children. Benjamin Franklin had sixteen brothers and sisters. Cotton Mather, the famous divine, had fifteen children. These large families were thought to be a blessing. The children were trained to work and to be helpful, and we may imagine what fun and frolic they had when work was done, with a dozen brothers and sisters to play games.

I suppose they must have had "nicknames" as most boys and girls have nowadays; otherwise we could never fancy their playing games at all. Here are some of the baptismal

names given by the good Puritan fathers and mothers: Experience, Deliverance, Preserved, Waitstill, Sobriety, Truegrace, Endurance. Yet, there were some beautiful names not uncommon, as Hope, Grace, Patience, Joy. The most remarkable name I have heard is Zurishaddai, meaning the "Almighty is my rock."

Better times were coming for the children, as well as to the grown people after that first long hard winter at Plymouth. How happy the children must have been when the spring sunshine and flowers came! No longer was it necessary to stay in small rooms where the snow banks outside sometimes darkened the windows! When tasks were done there were interesting things out of doors. Some of the flowers were old favorites, but there were many and lovely new ones. No hawthorne bushes, but pussy willows; no daisies, but the sweet arbutus hiding away under the last year's leaves.

To be sure children must not go far away

from the door of their homes. They had always before them the fear of the savages, though Squanto and Samoset, two good Indians, had made friends with them and had tried to show kindness to them. A little story is told that goes to show how real was this fear and that even the children had to be brave in those days.

During the first year of the settlement a little girl had been left to keep house with her small brother and sister. The father was away at work in the forest; the mother had gone on an errand to a neighbor's house some distance away. The child was busy about the great fireplace tending to some cooking which had been left for her to do. The little ones played about the floor. Proud of being left a little house mother and singing, maybe, a hymn to show her joyful heart she went about her tasks or played with the children. Then suddenly the little maiden noticed that the room was somehow darkened. She looked up at the small window,

and for a minute stood dismayed. There, looking in straight at her, was an Indian, his ugly painted face and headdress of feathers filling the window. While she looked, he grunted and moved away. The door was barred as it had been since she had been alone, so that in a moment she knew what to do. She turned upside down the great brass kettle on the hearth and made the little ones lie close on the floor under its shelter. Then, with great pains she got down a big shot-gun from the wall and thrust it through the window. She knew Indians were afraid of the guns of the white men. There the little heroine stood, for two hours, keeping guard, till the father came running to her relief. The story shows why the children feared these savage, unknown people of the forest.

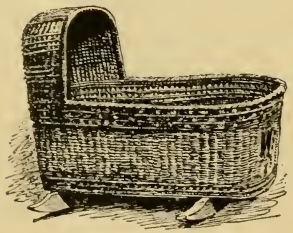
As the settlers came to know the Indians better much of this dread was lost. Two Indians, Squanto and Massasoit, who were friendly, secured from most of the tribes near them the friendship to the newcomers. So

after a time the Pilgrim children lost their fear and even made friends with these dark, strange people. Everything, too, brightened with the coming of the summer. When the cold snow had melted from the ground the men were able to build better homes and to clear the ground for planting crops. With courage and energy that could not fail to be rewarded with success, they worked to make homes in the new land.

We may be sure the children shared in these improved conditions. Better food and plenty of it, liberty to run and play in the forest made their lives happier. Then, like mothers the world over, these Puritan mothers found time to weave, to quilt, to embroider little clothes and blankets and caps, many of which have been saved to the present day, after having been used by generations of children. Some of the little blankets were of costly material as well as beautiful workmanship. The christening blanket of Governor Bradford of Plymouth colony

still exists. It is made of crimson silk, richly embroidered. We think of Governor Bradford as the wise governor who dealt with such strength and patience with all the difficulties of the new government. Think of him as the little baby in old England whose baby garments were so valued as to be brought over on the *Mayflower!* Many dainty little dresses of linen are still treasured in homes and museums, that were worn by these little ones so long ago.

They were rocked in cradles, these Puritan babies, an indulgence hardly allowed to babies nowadays. Some of the cradles were prettier than the frail wicker bassinets of today. Many of the heavy hooded wooden ones are found in the garrets of New England families. A very famous one is that of Peregrine White, who Bradford says "was



A Pilgrim Cradle

borne a shipboard." It was made in Holland and was brought over in the *Mayflower*. It may be seen in Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth where are so many priceless Pilgrim possessions. Another wicker cradle is preserved in Essex Institute in Salem. I should think the prettiest of them all must have been those that were made of birch bark and swung between two poles.

Now what did they have to eat — these little Puritan children? A famous English writer on education in the seventeenth century recommends small beer, brown bread, and cheese as proper articles of food for growing children. American children had simpler food; milk to drink was plentiful. Among the newer articles of diet were preparations from Indian corn, such as samp, hominy, succotash, and beans, all used by the Indians, but new to the white people. Then there was the great variety of fruits and berries, most of them larger and finer than in the old home. Think of the delights of "berrying"

for wild grapes, blackberries, and beach plums! Children had plenty of sweets, too, — candied lemon peel, macaroons, sugared almonds. We are glad to believe Judge Sewall's children (fifteen of them) were allowed to have this last-named dainty, as he mentions it more than once in his diary. In later colony days strings of rock candy came from China. It is reported that a ship came into port with eighty boxes of sugar candy and sixty tubs of rock candy. No wonder a writer of colonial days says that sweets were much more common in America than in England! Not all this candy, however, could equal the new dainty, maple sugar, unknown in England or Holland, but plentiful in the New World. Indians taught settlers how to make and use it, and of all the good things to eat for which they had to thank their savage neighbors, we may believe the children liked it best.

CHAPTER IV

Children's Games

Children of the twentieth century will be curious about the games of the small Puritans. There is one name of a boy on the National Monument to the Pilgrims at Plymouth. It is that of John Cooke, aged twelve, who came in the *Mayflower* with his father, leaving the mother and younger children in Holland. What did John find that was fun for a boy to do? There is a little girl in a picture at Plymouth, too, — a little Puritan maid, in long gown and close cap, — that makes us ask ourselves the same question. She is looking up into the face of Samoset, the first Indian visitor, keeping tight hold of her father's hand — half afraid yet very curious. From what game had she been called to see

this strange visitor? And what wonderful plays might she not "make up" later! Perhaps, she had been playing "house" as our little girls do, only with a spinning wheel as part of furnishing. As for the boy who is in the picture, we know what game he would play — with bow and arrows and marching and capture.

But though we may only fancy what these small Pilgrims played, because there is no record made of their doings, we may be sure that from that very first delightful spring day when the children ventured out of the small dark houses, there were games. Some of these houses are still standing. They have small, low, dark rooms, great beams, and little ornament anywhere. Some of them are the Alden house at Duxbury, the Fairbanks house at Dedham, and one in Marshfield, all nearly three hundred years old, and in two of them descendants of the builders still live.

These houses must all have been sur-

rounded by the finest possible playgrounds for the children. They were built on slight elevations of land, and all about them stretched acres of field and meadow. Though fathers and mothers were too busy and perhaps too serious to keep record of the games of the children, does any boy or girl doubt that they had grand times in their big playgrounds? The fathers may have frowned a little and called the play time, waste time; but the mothers smiled on the children as the sun smiled, and thanked God for happiness and health in the new land.

They played new games probably — Indian surprises, defending play forts, and soldiering. They had old games, however, many of them brought from England and Holland that generations of children had played before them. Do you know that games are the oldest of things? — things not written down in books and learned, but just told from child to child, and so handed down through the generations. "Tag," of course,

of all the different kinds is played to-day as it was played centuries ago. Here is a list of some games played by the children of the colonies: Thread the Needle, Marbles, Whoop and Hide, Blindman's Buff, Base-ball, Leap Frog, and others which we do not know so well.

Fifty years ago, at recess time on a public school playground, I learned some of the singing games which were favorites of these American colonial children: "Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green"; "Oats, pease, beans, and barley grows"; "Ring around a rosy"; "Here I brew, here I bake, here I make my wedding cake"; "Little Sally Waters sitting in the sun." Such old games are still played and enjoyed in many of the rural schools — the very same games which these little colonial children played hundreds of years ago!

Coasting seems to have been more general in New York than in New England where it was rather frowned upon, perhaps because of

its dangers. What delightful slides the New Englanders missed down the splendid hills which are everywhere in that region! In New York attempts were made to control the coasting by law. At one time the constables at Albany were ordered to seize and break up the "slees on which boys and girls ryde down the hills." At another time it is recorded that if a boy were caught coasting on Sunday he had to forfeit his hat! That seems a strange punishment for the offense. I wonder which the boy would prefer to suffer — the loss of his hat or of his "slee."

Football was played in the colonies. It was a favorite game. The game as played in the seventeenth century is described thus by a French traveler: "It is a leather ball about as big as one's head, filled with wind. This is kicked about from one to the other in the streets by him that can get it, and that is all the art of it." Boys and girls of to-day will decide that the French traveler doesn't know much about football! That it was

played very differently, even in earlier times, we know from a book written against the abuses of games, by one Philip Stubbes who wrote in 1583. This is what he says about football: "For as concerning football playing I proteste unto you that it may rather be called a friendlie kind of fighte than a playe or recreation — a bloody and murtherin practice than a sport or pastime." He goes on to describe a kind of football which is indeed dangerous and unprofitable, but which has in it the same elements of courage and emulation which make our own college football games the chief spectacle and delight of thousands every Thanksgiving time.

Indians played football in colony days; whether in imitation of the whites, or as their own game, we do not know. A traveler in New England when Boston was fifty years old, tells the story of an Indian game which he saw played:

There was that day a great game of football to be played. There was another town played against

them as is common in England; but they played with their bare feet which I thought very odd; but it was upon a broad sandy shoar free from stones which made it easie. Neither were they so apt to trip up one another's heels and quarrel as I have seen in England.

Governor Bradford and many others in Plymouth colony thought it wrong to have games on Christmas day. The very first Christmas day in the colony, some of the younger men who did not think it any harm to play, when they were called out to work, "excused themselves, and said it went against their consciences to work on that day." The governor excused them since they made it a matter of conscience. He must have changed his mind, however, for at noon when he came home from work and found them playing in the street, he "went to them and took away their implements and tould them it was against his conscience that they should play and others work."

This action shows the same good sense and kindness which made him such a good governor for forty years.

It Was against His Conscience that They Should Play and Others Work

In what a real, living way does this love for games seem to connect us with those who lived three hundred years ago! Many things have changed, but not these great interests of the children. Then, as now, marble time came first, then kite time, top time, ball time, even the seasons for games being the same as to-day.

Perhaps more wonderful still, the children have game laws of their own, handed down from one generation of children to another, taught by one generation to the next.

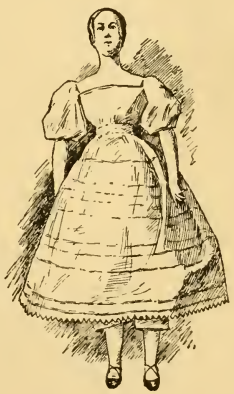
CHAPTER V

Puritan Playthings

Girl children and dolls — that used to be the rule. Every little girl had a doll which she treated as if it were her own little girl. It seems that this is no longer true. Perhaps the fad of Teddy bears broke the spell, or the attractions of more modern playthings displaced the old love. Plenty of little girls nowadays who have dolls, care for them very little, and not at all in the old fashion. Instead of rocking and dressing and playing house with them, they play stories in which the beautifully dressed, sweet-faced doll is the heroine, and the scenes which they imagine for them have no likeness to the old-fashioned tea-party game. Fifty years ago a girl's chief treasure was perhaps a rag doll — only

very rich children had a Paris doll of china or wax. Happy the child whose mother or aunt or grandmother had the pattern by which to cut out of cotton and calico the model little women of the day. Clumsy and shapeless compared with the artistic dolls of the shops they were; unbelievably ugly of face, but treasured and loved beyond all other toys.

Did the little Pilgrims in those earliest days have any such pleasant toy or doll to console them for the loss of their comfortable Dutch houses, and to comfort them in their fears of the dark forests and their savage dwellers? We may reasonably conclude that some of those children had hidden away a treasured baby, though there is no mention in any record of it. Dolls were not unknown in England and Holland in that day. Indeed, much longer ago than



An Old Doll

that, dolls were loved and played with. In the tombs of Greece amid other things of value found in excavations, are dolls of ivory and wood with jointed arms and legs. Strange little reminders they are of how much in common have the children of all generations.

Dolls came into childish favor in England in a curious fashion. The milliners and dressmakers used them to display the fashions. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, London, September, 1751, we find a news item, "Several dolls with different dresses made in St. Francis Street have been sent to the Czarina to show the manner of dressing at present in fashion among English ladies." This circulation of dressed dolls took the place of our modern fashion plates in ladies' magazines.

These "babies" for models were made in great numbers for the use of milliners. As the best models were made in Flanders, they came to be called "Flanders babies." What good mother or grandmother first thought of

their possibilities for the joy of the children will never be known, but they soon came to be used by hundreds in the play rooms of the homes. A funny little rhyme in this connection has been handed down to us.

What the children of Holland take pleasure in making,
The children of England take pleasure in breaking.

Dolls in England were sold at fairs, and the best at Bartholomew Fair. These were called Bartholomew babies, and were celebrated in poetry even. The English poet, Ward, wrote:

Ladies d'y want fine Toys
For Misses or for Boys
Of all sorts I have choice
And pretty things to tease ye.

I want a little babye
As pretty a one as may be
With head dress made of feathers.

These "babyes" were known in 1620, and some of the little Pilgrims may easily have had one.

Two "old dolls" we have seen, are in queer contrast to the china babies of to-day. Each has a special interest on account of its dress. The pretty party dress with scalloped skirt, the dainty slippers, are all spoiled to childish eyes by the awkward "pantalets" coming below the dress skirt, which were the ordinary addition to the dress of little girls for many generations. The second little old lady doll has the apron, bag, and cap of the Puritan matron.

The French dolls are much uglier than these, while the White House doll would be taken straight to the heart of any doll-loving little maiden of the day. She is so bright, so neat, so dainty a little body. She lived with the children of President John Quincy Adams in our White House at Washington.

Another and very different kind of doll was made in the garden. Every respectable New England house had its garden attached. Every garden had its flowers, many or few, growing perhaps all together in a delightful

tangle, prettier than our more formal beds and borders. There were so many and such common flowers that the children were free to play with them to their hearts' content. One of the sweetest uses to which they were put was the making of flower ladies or dolls with which to stage comedies and tragedies, — stories quite different from the simple house plays of the more substantial "babyes." The great red poppies made gay petticoats for dolls whose heads were the black hard under part of the flower. The hollyhock blossoms could be tied into tiny dolls with charming satin gowns — whole families and schools were thus made to play their parts in the story dramatized by the children. A little girl was forbidden to play with dolls on Sunday, but had the freedom of the garden. To her mother's horror she was discovered playing with these pretty flower ladies, arranged in quadrilles and dances. She was playing party, on a long Sunday afternoon !

Other toys beside these dollies were made

in the garden. Children love the dandelion nowadays — city children especially. There is surely nothing prettier than a bunch of kindergarten babies with their hands and frocks filled with the golden beauties. These riches are usually intended for "teacher," to whom they are brought in overwhelming quantities. We never see these children making dandelion chains with the long stemmed ones, however, or dandelion curls to wear behind their ears and hanging from their braids and ribbons. Small Puritan maidens had few beads and chains of gold and coral or crystal; so they took real pleasure in adorning themselves with dandelions. After the flowers had lost their pretty color and had only their crown of gray down left, the children played with them in a different way. The following rhyme tells its own tale:

Dandelion the globe of down,
The school boys' clock in every town,
Which the truant puffs amain
To conjure back long hours again.

The ox-eye daisy made lovely chains, too, and the flowers were fortune tellers of as much weight as the gypsy camp. "He loves me, he loves me not," the little maiden chanted as she pulled the white petals one by one. With the magic words coming as the last petal fluttered to the ground, the fate was announced of the inquirer. "He loves me" was the triumphant conclusion when the game was played properly.

Pretty boats were made of the large flat leaves of the "flower de luce." These had pennants, perhaps of ribbon grass. The little craft were loaded with flowers and set adrift on some brook or even running gutter after a summer shower.

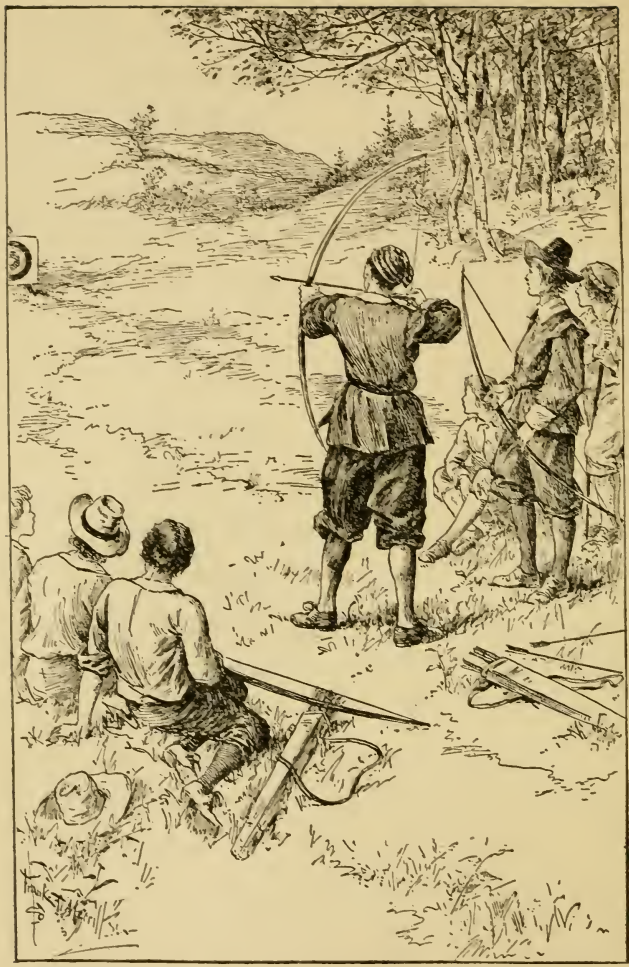
Children love the toys which they contrive for themselves much better than the elaborate creations of the toy shops. To be sure there were no toy shops in Pilgrim days; so little people had to make their own playthings or do without. I am almost sure, however, that these homemade toys gave more pleas-

ure than the most perfectly made, modern playthings. The fun of making equals the fun in playing with them. Many children's games require an outfit quite elaborate, as those best loved games of "house" and "store." These outfits the little colonial girls were quite equal to providing. To-day our toy shops have completely fitted stores and doll houses enough to make any child scream with delight, but two days playing with them exhausts the pleasure. They are too complete, — the fun of making them has been taken away from the child. Of another sort entirely, were the homemade toys of the little Puritan girls and boys. I have heard of a milliner shop where the finest hats for ladies were made of large or small burdock leaves, garnished with wreaths of small flowers, feathers from the chicken yard, and ribbons and bows of striped grasses. The stock was further enriched by a variety of bur baskets filled with flowers and small fruits. That must

have been a very pretty and satisfactory shop.

The useful burs, moreover, could be made into furniture for the doll house, — beautiful chairs and tables. Acorn cups made part of the table set. Sometimes rose-hips were made into more delicate dishes with bent pin handles. The garden furnished the eatables, also, at these fairy feasts. Hollyhock and mallow "cheeses" were in great demand. Pumpkin seeds and rose leaves were favorite dishes, while sorrel and grapevine tendrils and pepper grass gave relish to the feast.

Boys, too, were wonderfully ingenious in making for themselves the toys they wanted. Given a jackknife, anything was possible to the little Yankee. Jackknives were hard to come by to be sure, but nearly every boy managed to get one. The picture shows that they were rough and poor tools compared with the complete and shining knives of to-day. With them the boys made pop-guns, whistles of chestnut and willow, windmills,



All Boys from Ten to Sixteen Should Be Exercised with Bows and Arrows

water-wheels, and box traps. Toy weapons, bows and arrows, slings and clubs they made, of course. Bows and arrows had the charm of being real weapons still, for in 1645 the

Skating (From Old Picture Book)

court of Massachusetts ordered that all boys from ten to sixteen years should be exercised with bows and arrows.

Even for the pastime of skating it is recorded that a pair of skates used on the Hudson was made of beef bones, just as, long before, the English boys had fastened the leg

bones of animals to the feet and pushed themselves along with sharp pointed poles. The boys of New England were fortunate, however, in being better provided with wooden skates shod with iron. Skating was a Dutch pastime which the Pilgrims had learned in their long sojourn in Holland. Some rhymed advice to skaters printed one hundred years ago, might be appreciated to-day:

'Tis true it looks exceeding nice
To see boys gliding on the ice,
And to behold so many feats
Performed upon the sliding skates,
But before you venture there
Wait until the ice will bear
For want of this both young and old
Have tumbled in, — got wet and cold.

CHAPTER VI

Sunday Clothes

The hard times of the first years in New England did not last long. The settlers had come into a new, rich inheritance, and when the first difficulties were over, they began to thrive greatly. The fathers and mothers were picked men and women, gathered from many parts of England. They were strong in business ability, in foresight, and economy as well as in religion. They speedily established profitable trade with England, where they had partners to look after the selling of their products. They sent shiploads of fish and lumber. They began to build ships of their own in which they sailed far north to capture whales whose oil made their lights. Nothing was too difficult for them to under-

take, and success was certain to follow such energy and ability. They began to live comfortably too, building good houses with large rooms and beautiful, simple architecture. Their children were no longer to be pitied as compared with those in the older countries.

Robert Gibbs, Four and a Half Years Old, 1670

Portraits of the children, which have been kept in families all these years, show us how they looked and what they wore. The child portrait of John Quincy shows one of the quaintest of these dresses, worn in 1690. This is a baby boy's dress, modeled after the gowns worn by women in England and America at that time. Robert Gibbs' portrait at four and a half years, dated 1670,

shows the same general effect, with the more dignified Puritan collar, and minus the easy little hood of the younger child. These "coats" (short for petticoats, I believe) were worn till six or thereabouts, when boys exchanged them for the proper manly garments made very much like their fathers'. Not until Marie-Antoinette dressed the little Dauphin in clothes especially designed for him, so tradition says, did any one think of making boys' clothes so that they would suit active boys. To-day America leads the world in designing clothing suitable for children.

JANE BONER

A painting of a dear little girl is that of Jane Boner, eight years old, made in 1700.

It must be remembered that these portraits were painted of children dressed in their best, not in their everyday, clothes. The lace with which Jane's dress is so prettily trimmed is of rose point, a beautiful and expensive lace. Other materials used were rich, as silks and velvets even for baby's clothing. One may suspect, with some reason, that mothers and grandmothers were making up, in their joy at dressing these little ones, for the deprivations of their own childhood. These children should have the dainty clothing their elders had missed. We may be sure, however, that the Puritan fathers disapproved of such extravagance as strongly as possible. They made laws against "luxurious attire," and many offenders were tried and fined. Young girls were fined for wearing "immoderate great sleeves," but I fancy they were still worn until they "went out of fashion."

In New York no attempt was made to regulate the dress of women and children. A portrait of the twin daughters of Abram Van

Peyster of New York, five-year-old children, painted in 1729, shows beautifully dressed, sweet faced little maidens in red velvet trained gowns, with bare feet!

In Virginia wealthy people had most of their furniture and clothing sent from England. In Washington's house at Mount Vernon, we have preserved for us much that is interesting and that shows really luxurious living. Washington's two step-children were more fortunate, probably, than most Virginian children, if we call fortunate those who have the most beautiful clothes and the most refined care. Here is a list of clothes to be sent out from England for little Nellie Custis, aged six:

1 coat made of Fashionable Silk
A Fashionable Cap with Bib apron
Ruffles and Tuckers to be laced
4 Fashionable Dresses made of Long Lawn
2 Fine cambric Frocks
A Satin Capuchin (?) hat, and neckaties
A Persian Quilted Coat
1 pr. Pack Thread Stays (!)

6 pr. Leather Shoes
2 pr. Satin Shoes with flat ties
6 pr. White Kid Gloves
1 pr. Silver Shoe Buckles
1 pr. Neat Sleeve Buttons

Poor little Miss Custis, aged six! It is to be hoped she was allowed to wear the cambric frocks and leather shoes once in a while, even with "stays" underneath.

There was not much real play for these fashionable little Virginians, however. Colonial mothers were afraid the little girls would get too plump for beauty, and that their complexions would suffer without bonnet and gloves. Little Dolly Payne wore always long gloves and a linen mask, which I fancy covered the face except holes for eyes and mouth, and her sunbonnet was sewed on her head every morning! Afterward when she was Dolly Madison, the wife of the President, living in the White House and hanging her clothes to dry in its unfinished rooms, was she not glad to be grown up and to

have to wear a mask only when she went riding, and a bonnet only when she chose?

Nellie Custis was a little girl to be envied, not because of the lovely things she wore, but because Washington loved her and she was a sweet and obedient daughter to him. In the Mount Vernon homestead her bedroom is kept just as she used it, and except for the high feather bed into which she must have mounted by steps, it is like any girl's pretty room. It takes little fancy to see its favored occupant trying on her "Fashionable Cap and Bib apron" before the dressing table.

That Boston little girls were not behind those of New York and Virginia in the elegance of their dress, is shown by the description of Anna Green Winslow, a little Boston girl of twelve, written in 1771:

I was dressed in my yellow coat, my black bib and apron, my pompedore shoes, the cap my aunt Storer sometime since presented me with blue ribbons on it, a very handsome loket in the shape of a hart, the

paste pin my Hon'd Papa presented me with in my cap, my new cloak and bonnet on, my gloves, and I would tell you they lik'd my dress very much.

In another very frank little letter Anna tells us particularly how her hair was dressed, "over a high roll, so heavy and hot that it made my head itch and ach and burn like anything." On top of the roll was perched the new cap with "blue ribbons." Contrast all this heavy, hot, uncomfortable finery with the simply cut, loose dresses worn by sensible little girls of the twentieth century! Nor were the girls the only ones who suffered from such fashions. Records and portraits show that boys, like their fathers, wore costly wigs. Imagine our nine- and eleven-year-old youngsters submitting to such a fashion!

It was not until cottons from Oriental countries began to be used that all the velvets and silks and laces were discarded in favor of these lighter, cooler materials. Boys' suits as well as girls' were made of calico and chintz and nankeen. A little suit worn in

1784 was made of colored calico. It was very, very tight. But otherwise it is not unlike more modern clothes.

A charming portrait is that of Jonathan Mountfort, seven years old, made in 1753. This is one of Copley's portraits. Perhaps that is why we get so clearly the beautiful boyish face, with its quaintly cut hair, and the stately costume, made in exact imitation of those worn by the men of the time. It looks very warm and comfortable, compared with the calico trousers and blouse in the preceding portrait. Indeed both boys and girls must have suffered some from cold in these calico and nankeen garments, as they were worn in the winter as well as summer — New England winters, too.

Surely boys and girls have reason to be glad that all those experiments in clothes are ended, and that out of the endless variety of material and patterns, provided for them alone, sensible parents may and do select simple, comfortable, even beautiful clothes.

Is it too much to hope that some day every American child may have clean, comfortable, good-looking clothes, and that they may live in houses that are open to air and sunshine, spacious enough for comfort and cleanliness?

CHAPTER VII

Their Schooling

It is worth while for boys and girls of to-day to fancy the schoolhouses of those early days and to compare their own advantages with those of colonial children.

The law compelled the building of schoolhouses and the hiring of teachers. Lists of children were made in the towns, and the parents were compelled to pay, though we do not hear that the children were compelled to attend as in our own time.

The schoolhouses were most of them small, poor buildings, many of logs, and with furniture of the simplest sort. The pupils sat on wooden benches without backs, when they were not standing in rows to recite. The windows were carefully placed so high in the walls that it was impossible to get a glimpse of the tempting world outside. In

winter, a great fireplace, as in the houses, furnished heat for one side of the building. The logs for the fire were furnished by the parents as part pay for the schooling. Alas for the child whose father was late in sending in his share of the fuel in early winter. The schoolmaster banished the little unfortunate to the coldest corner of the schoolroom.

Wood was only one of the things which was given in payment for such "schooling" as was to be had. Beaver skins, wampum, Indian corn were offered to the teacher in payment for his services.

Paper was scarce and too highly prized for children to use. Even the ministers found it hard to get paper enough upon which to write their endless sermons. In New Hampshire and Maine the children used the plentiful birch bark for paper. What delightful books of sums and copies could be made of birch bark! Lead pencils were not in common use and most of the work that has been preserved was done in ink.

One occasion of the school year reminds us of our own class reunions and reception. At the end of the term they had a "treat," which the children provided for themselves and their guests. In New Hampshire, in one school, the children saved the ashes from the big fireplace and sold them to get money for their treat, which was raisins and gingerbread for all who came.

In New York and Pennsylvania conditions were very much like those in New England except that parents were not so determined on education for their children. Indeed, the German settlers in Pennsylvania opposed education on the ground that it would make children lazy and dissatisfied with farm work. A noted author writing about the Pennsylvania farmer makes a rhyme which very well expressed this idea:

Book learning gets the upper hand, and work is slow and slack,
And they that come long after us will find things gone to wrack.

In Virginia, there were few schoolhouses for a long time. People were not gathered in towns as in New England. Plantations were large and far apart. A saying of one of the colonial governors, in 1670, has been preserved and shows his temper, though not that of the Virginians. He wrote home to England: "I thank God there are in Virginia no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have, for learning hath brought disobedience and heresy into the world." Governor Berkeley's stupidity brought him into great troubles, as one would be sure it would, knowing his opinion about schooling for the people. Luckily he did not represent the people in his sentiments, for, from the first, parents who could afford it had their children taught at home, and even sent them to England for the higher education. This is what George Washington's father had planned for him as well as for his older brother, Lawrence. When the father died and all his plans had to be changed, George

was sent to a little school kept by one Hobby. This school, like some others, was the result of a few neighbors combining to pay a teacher. In this school and another like it, Washington gained all his book learning till he was thirteen years old. His copy books and notebooks are still kept in the Library at Washington and are models of neatness and care.

Boys and girls were often sent to other towns than their own for their schooling. Almost all the New England ministers took boys into their homes to teach. Wealthy planters also sent their children to Boston schools. Nobody asked in those days whether boys and girls liked being sent away from home, only whether it was best for them. Here is a letter from the grandmother of one of the little exiles: "Richard wears out nigh 12 paire of shoes a year. He brought 12 hankers with him and they have all been lost long ago; and I have bought him 3 or 4 more at a time. His way is to tie knottys

at one end & beat ye Boys with them and then to lose them & he cares not a bit what I will say to him." Many a good mother will sympathize with Grandmother Hall, the more so as she writes about him in another letter: "As for Richard since I told him I would write to his Father he is more orderly & he is very hungry and has grown so much yt all his Clothes is too Little for him. He has grown a good boy and minds his school and Lattin and Dancing. He is a brisk Child and grows very Cute and wont wear his new silk coat yt was made for him. He wont wear it every day so yt I dont know what to do with it. It wont make him a jackitt." Wise Richard Hall to decline the silk coat, even for every day! Can't you hear the boys whom he had beaten with knotted kerchiefs making fun of the pretty and elegant little coat?

We get perhaps as real a glimpse of another boy from his own letter written from Stamford to his father in Albany, a little Dutch boy this, judging from the name:

To Mr. Cornelius Ten Broeck
att Albany

Honored Fethar,

These fiew lines comes to let you know that I am in a good State of Health and I hope this may find you also. I have found all my things in my trunk but I must have a pare of schuse. And Mama please to send me some Ches Nutts and some Wall Nutts; You please to send me a Slate and som pensals, and please to send me some smok befe, and for bringing my trunk 3/9, and for a pair of schuse 9 shillings. You please send me a pare of indin's Schuse. You please to send me some dride corn. My duty to Father and Mother and Sister and to all frinds.

I am your dutifull Son
John Ten Broeck

Father forgot to send me my schuse.

The little New Yorker remembered his manners surely, as he took such pains to say "please" every time. We cannot but wonder why he wanted "smok befe," and if the "dride corn" was for popping. The letter is notable as showing that they used slates and "pensals" in 1752. The spelling was less conventional in those days so that we must not be very critical about the "Ches Nutts."

Good boys, both John and Richard, and so exactly like twentieth century boys. That is, after all, I think, why we are interested in them.

We must never forget that these poorly furnished log schoolhouses were the first free schools in the world, — the first schools for which the people paid by taxing themselves. Harvard College had its beginning in 1636, and half the entire income of the colony was voted for its support. Although the lower schools were less generously provided for, more was done for the education of the people by the people than had ever before been done.

CHAPTER VIII

How Girls were Educated

The training of boys and girls was very different in the colonies. We have seen what care was taken that the boys should have every advantage of the limited teaching of those days. Fathers and mothers wanted their boys to learn and were willing to spend money out of their scanty means that they should have the best education attainable. It was not thought to be so necessary that girls should have the same sort of education as boys. "Child," said a New England mother of those olden days, "if God make thee a good Christian and a good scholar, 'tis all thy mother ever asked for thee." We may be sure, however, that the child was a son. This mother would not have cared that

her daughter should be a "good scholar." She may have wished her to learn to read and write, possibly to count and make change, but some girls grew up without even so much learning. In the best families music and dancing were added but in "few and rare instances," as we learn from the wife of President John Adams.

In New York and Virginia conditions were the same. Mary Ball, Washington's mother, wrote when fifteen years old:

> We have not had a schoolmaster in our neighborhood till now in nearly four years. The rector's assistant teaches school for his board. He teaches Sister Susie and me, and Madam Carter's boy and two girls. I am now learning pretty fast.

Girls, it seems, were taught in little schools like this one of Mary Ball's, when parents were able to pay tuition. In the dame schools, as they were called, they were also welcomed if they could pay the small sum asked. The teachers of these schools were usually women who were also housekeepers

and mothers, who gave up part of their own houses for the schoolrooms. In 1641, in a town in Massachusetts, the people agreed to pay such a teacher ten shillings a year in addition to the tuition paid by parents of the children, perhaps fourpence a week for each child. One hundred years later "a qualified woman teacher" commanded sixty-seven cents a week pay!

There were always in Boston classes and schools where girls of wealthy families were taught music and dancing, probably "deportment" also, and to these classes girls were sent from other colonies and even from the West Indian islands. Usually they boarded in private homes and recited in the classes. In all these schools, however, sewing, writing, dancing, and a little music were the only subjects taught. Latin and arithmetic were evidently unnecessary for girls, even very undesirable.

One affliction under which these little colonial students suffered was connected with

"deportment." An erect carriage of the body seemed especially desirable, and to ensure this, girls were obliged to wear a kind of harness somewhat like old-fashioned "shoulder braces," besides being strapped to backboards for some part of every day. Dr. Holmes has made fun of this painful practice in a stanza which tells no more than the truth about this form of "education for girls":

> They braced my aunt against a board
> To make her straight and tall,
> They laced her up, they starved her down,
> To make her light and small.
> They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
> They screwed it up with pins —
> Oh, never mortal suffered more
> In penance for her sins.

The "pinching" and "singeing" may be more or less familiar to twentieth century girls, but no such awful contrivance as the backboard has been proposed for them. Tennis and basket ball with other athletic sports have taken its place as a means to the health

and strength which make for erect and graceful carriage.

It is a matter of some surprise to find that so much pains was taken to teach dancing. The Puritan ministers, indeed, preached against it, and probably it was not so common an amusement in rural New England as in New York or Virginia. Then as now, however, it was the popular pleasure for young folks, and in that at least girls were well taught and had a fair chance to excel the boys. Square dances and those in which a number took part were popular, rather than the waltzes and polkas of a later date. A little girl's letter to her father shows that she considered dancing part of a "liberal" education.

Honor'd Sir:

Since my coming up (to Philadelphia) I have entered with Mr. Hackett to improve my Dancing, and hope to make such Progress therein as may answer to the Expense, and enable me to appear well in any Public Company. The great Desire I have of pleasing you will make me the more Assiduous in my

undertaking, and if I arrive at any degree of Perfection it must be Attributed to the Liberal Education you bestow on me.

I am with greatest Respect,
Dear Pappa,
Yr dutiful Daughter
Mary Grafton

That is a better letter than any other we have quoted I think, and I cannot help wondering if her teacher did not supply some of those big words, especially the spelling of them. The capitals which seem so numerous to us are used quite correctly according to the usage of that day. What interests one most in the letter is the spirit of the little "dutiful daughter." It isn't so common a thing in these twentieth century days to find gratitude, and care for the expense of education, expressed to parents.

To learn music was a much simpler matter in those days than now. The instruments were small and the range of notes very limited. Virginals, spinets, and harpsichords were the beginnings of the piano, shaped somewhat

like it, but with much less powerful tone and smaller range of notes.

Many of these old instruments have been preserved in museums and in homes, and the dealers in antiques find them desirable property. The harpsichord bought for Nellie Custis is still kept at Mount Vernon.

In all these boarding schools there was a "Commencement," held as now at the end of the year, not at the beginning. The "treat" of raisins and gingerbread prepared with such effort and pains by the children in the country school was far less pretentious. There is an account of one commencement in 1784 which must have outshone many of the present day "finishing school" functions:

A stage was erected at the end of the room covered with a carpet, ornamented with evergreens, and lighted by candles in gilt branches. Two window curtains were drawn aside from the center before it and the audience were seated on the benches of the school-room. The "Search after Happiness" by Mrs. More, "The Milliner," and "The Dove" by Madam Gerlis were performed. In the first I acted Euphelia, one of

the court ladies, and also sung a song intended for another, but as I had the best voice it was given to me. My dress was a pink and green striped silk, feathers and flowers decorated my head; and with bracelets on my arms and paste buckles on my shoes I thought I made a splendid appearance. In the second piece I acted the Milliner and by some strange notion of Miss Ledyard's was dressed in a gown, cap, handkerchief, and apron of my mother's, with a pair of spectacles to look like an elderly woman — a proof how little we understood the character of a French milliner. How my mother with her strict notions and prejudices against the theater ever consented to such proceedings is still a surprise to me.

In another way, the training of these colonial girls was better than that gained by a knowledge of Latin and Algebra. Their training in all the arts of the home was thorough and intelligent. Cooking, cleaning, dressmaking were taught in the homes in the most practical way. Our twentieth century girls have these subjects, too, in many schools, but I am not sure that they are as thoroughly learned as in colonial kitchens.

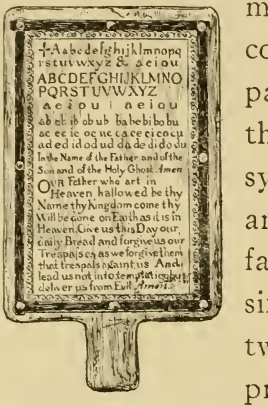
CHAPTER IX

Colonial Textbooks

I wonder if there are still in these United States of America people under twenty-five years old who learned to read in the A. B. C. way; that is, learned every one of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, before combining them into such thought-provoking syllables as ab, eb, ib. Did they then use these syllables in words like abbot, ebb, ibis? I fancy not, but that the next step in learning would be the cat, rat, dog page. This method is the very old one by which the little colonials learned to read. What a laborious deadening process it is, none but those who have tried it know.

The first textbook used was a hornbook. A picture will give you a clearer idea than

words can, — and you will not be likely to see a real one, as it is said that only three have been kept, out of the thousands that must have been in use in colonial days. A sheet of paper having printed on it the alphabet, some easy syllables and perhaps words, and the Lord's Prayer was fastened on a board, five or six inches in length and two or three in width. The printed page was then covered by a thin sheet of horn. This was yellowish in color, not entirely transparent, but clear enough so that sharp-eyed little ones could read the letters through it. The "book" was then bound together by a metal binding. Such a book could hardly be torn or soiled by restless fingers, and could be used by two or three generations of learners. It was often hung around the neck, and carried in that way was quite safe from being used



as a plaything or weapon on the way to and from school. Gilded hornbooks were sold in the cities as large as Philadelphia, and in England there were even silver and ivory "horns" used by rich children.

Better than the common hornbooks, perhaps, were the letters made of gingerbread. You may imagine how eagerly the children learned their letters, when taught after this fashion, for when he had learned a letter, a child was allowed to eat it. Two lines in rhyme describing this curious way of learning are:

> And that the child may learn the better,
> As he can name, he eats the letter.

"Battledores" succeeded horns. These were made of cardboard sheets folded over to make a sort of book, and contained the same "educational material" as the horns. These were printed in vast numbers and by many publishers. The picture again, gives the clearest idea of this improvement in the means of education.

THE ROYAL BATTLEDORE

Now we come to the famous *New England Primer*, for one hundred years almost the only textbook in the colonies, studied by millions of school children, sometimes called "the little Bible of New England." It was

a little book, only five by three inches, containing perhaps eighty pages. It began with the alphabet followed by a table of syllables. This was called a syllabarium, and began with the familiar ab, eb, ib, proceeding to words of five syllables, such as abomination, mortification, purification. The most delightful and truly modern feature of the book was a set of little rhymes, illustrating each letter of the alphabet and accompanied by a poorly made little picture. They begin:

In Adam's fall
We sinned all,

and end with Z:

Zaccheus he
Did climb a tree
His Lord to see.

There were a morning and an evening prayer for children and a grace before meat. The little prayer so well known, "Now I lay me down to sleep," was printed here. The Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed were also included. More important still in those days

was the Shorter Catechism of one hundred questions and answers, some of the answers being very long. These children were lucky in having only one hundred questions to answer, as in England a book of twelve hundred was in common use.

As late as 1750, a few little stories were added to all this educational and theological material. A picture of the burning at the stake of John Rogers was the largest of the few and poor pictures. As the learning of the Catechism was enforced by law in New England in early days, it will be seen how useful the little book was to the whole family, and indeed it was most highly esteemed by all the grown up people. What the children thought is another matter, of course. As I have said before, no one asked what they thought or liked or understood.

When this wonderful little book had been studied, children were supposed to be able to study grammar, — Latin grammar. Josiah Quincy gives us glimpses of what this sort of

schooling was like. He entered school at six years, probably having been prepared by the primer. He was given a book called *Cheever's Accidence* to commit to memory. He studied it through twenty times, without any understanding of its contents, eight hours a day. He says he mastered it. Later he became President of Harvard College. Perhaps the perseverance, the will to do distasteful work, may have aided him to gain that distinction. I doubt if anything in the book itself helped at all in his education.

The subtitle of one of these old Latin grammars is a most amusing fancy: "A delysious Syrupe newly claryfied for Yonge Scholars yt thurste far the Swete Lycore of Latin Speche." The spelling in this title is no wilder than in most books of the day. There was no standard in England or the colonies, and though spelling was strenuously taught in some schools, its variety put to shame the phonetic spelling advocated in our own day. Lessons were recited in con-

cert, and the master's ear was trained to detect an individual mistake. Fancy the roar of a sizable school!

The first English grammar was a little book of fifty-seven pages, and was quite simple compared with many later ones. It was called, *The Young Ladies' Accidence for the use of Young Learners, more especially for those of the Fair Sex, though proper for Either.* So to the supposed lack of brains in the "Fair Sex," all the young folks were indebted for the simplicity and clear wording of this first attempt to teach English grammar.

Arithmetic was the study of most importance, as it still is in many schools. The manner in which it was taught, however, would be impossible in any modern school. There were no textbooks for the pupils. The teachers had written "sum books" from which they gave out rules and examples. Any sort of explanation of the same was not expected, and the boy or girl was left to work out, unaided, the problem. Here is one

which would probably tax the wit of an eighth grade pupil in our day: "I did lend my friend 3/4 of a shilling 7 months upon promise that he should do as much for me again, and when I should borrow of him he could lend me but 5/12 of a shilling. Now I demand how long time I must keep his money in just Recompence of my loan, accounting 13 months in the year."

Rhymed problems were supposed to be agreeable and easy. The one we copy is dated 1801.

When first the Marriage Knot was tied
Between my wife and Me
My age did hers as far exceed
As three times three does three.
But when Ten years and half ten years
We man and wife had been
Her age came up as near to mine
As eight is to sixteen.
Now tell me I pray
What were our Ages on our Wedding Day?

Of much earlier date is the old rhyme:

Thirty days hath September, Aprill, June and November,
February eight and twenty alone, all the rest thirtie and one.

Another which is not exactly arithmetic, but which expresses some modern as well as colonial feeling on the subject, dates back to 1570:

Multiplication is mie vexation
And Division quite as bad,
The Golden Rule is my stumbling stule,
And Practice makes me mad.

Geography and penmanship were the other subjects taught in colonial schools. The first was regarded as a mere diversion, and it was objected to as taking the child's attention from "cyphering." Penmanship, however, was very thoroughly taught and was really an accomplishment. The teacher was called a writing master, and his most important qualification was that of a good writing teacher. Some of the copy books of eighteenth century children show beautiful penmanship, and old letters and business

Pens Were Made Usually by the Schoolmaster

papers which have been preserved show that good penmanship was nearly universal. Steel pens were unknown. The only pen was made from a goose-quill with the feathers left on the handle. These were made usually by the schoolmaster, as it must have been too delicate work for pupils to undertake. Ink was made also in the schoolroom and in families, by dissolving ink powder. This ink was often feeble and pale according to the making of the ink powder. Each child carried to school his own ink bottle or ink horn filled with ink. Sand was sprinkled over the wet ink instead of using blotters. These beautiful specimens of penmanship are, of course, the work of masters of the art, but they show ideals toward which the boys and girls labored.

CHAPTER X

Children's Handwork

Penmanship is a kind of handiwork which is not perhaps so carefully taught as in colonial days. Letter writing is part of the English course in many of our schools, but I doubt whether as many letters are written by boys and girls nowadays as were written by the young colonists. Many letters and diaries have come down to us, some of them very formal in expression, having long words and queer spelling. Here is one written by a boy nine years old to his father:

Dear Sir:

I love to receive letters very well, much better than I love to write them. I make but a poor figure at composition, my head is much too fickle, my thoughts are running after bird's eggs, play, and trifles till I get vexed with myself. I have but just entered the 3d volume of Smollett, tho' I had de-

signed to have got it half through by this time. I have determined this week to be more diligent, as Mr. Thaxter will be absent & I cannot persue my other studies. I have set myself a stent & determine to read the 3d Volume Half out. If I can but keep my resolution, I will write again at the end of the week and give a better account of myself. I wish, Sir, you would give me some instructions with regard to my time, & advise me how to proportion my Studies and my Play, in writing. I am, dear Sir, with a present determination of growing better, yours.

P. S. Sir, if you will be so good as to favour me with a Blank Book, I will transcribe the most remarkable occurrences I meet with in my reading, which will serve to fix them upon my mind.

This boy's father was a college president and perhaps that accounts for the use of such unboyish words as "transcribe" and "proportion," but the general tone of the letter is exactly what we might expect from any well taught Puritan boy of nine years.

His request for a blank book in which to write "remarkable occurrences" was a common one too, I fancy, as such books were much in use as diaries or "commonplace

books." Notes of the long sermons were kept in them, religious reflections and sometimes accounts of childish doings. One of these, written by a little girl, Mary Osgood Sumner, has a "black leaf" and a "white leaf" showing her own idea of the good and bad in her life. These are the entries on one "Black Leaf":

July 9. Misplaced sister's sash.
July 10. Spoke in haste to my little sister, spilt the cream on the floor in the closet.
July 12. I left Cynthia's frock on the bed.
July 16. I left the brush on the chair, was not diligent in learning at school.
July 17. Left my fan on the bed.
July 20. I was careless and lost my needle.

Nothing so very black in the little Puritan's record is there? In contrast with the doings of this black leaf are some extracts from a white leaf in the same book:

July 8. I went and said my catechism today. Came home and wrote down the questions and answers, then dressed and went to the dance, endeavored to behave myself decent.

July 11. I improved my time before breakfast; after breakfast made some biscuits and did all my work before the sun was down.

July 12. I went to meeting and paid good attention to the sermon, came home and wrote down as much of it as I can remember.

July 25. A part of this day I parsed and endeavored to do well and a part of it I made some tarts and did some work and wrote a letter.

July 30. I was pretty diligent in my work today and made a pudding for dinner.

Aug. 1. I stuck pretty close to my work today and did all that Sister gave me and after I was done I swept out the house and put things to rights.

Aug. 8. I got some peaches for to stew after I was done washing up the things and got my work and was midlin Diligent.

We could not have a clearer picture of the life of this little Puritan girl. How she judges her own "diligence" as "pretty diligent" and "midlin diligent." How useful and helpful must she have been to the elders of the household. With what satisfaction did she make puddings and tarts and biscuit. She meant to be good and she was good, the dear little girl. I do not believe hers was a very

exceptional record. All that we know of Puritan home and church life shows the influences that would make character such as this little diary shows. One would certainly wish there had been more recreation, more childish fun and good spirits in their lives, but those qualities of diligence, helpfulness, and devotion to duty are as precious now as in those olden times, though I am afraid far less in evidence.

Children were taught to do useful and practical work almost from the time they could walk and talk. Little girls could spin on the "great wheel" when they had to stand on a footstool to reach up. Little girls of six could spin flax and comb wool, while the work of the boys was well described by a Connecticut farmer boy:

> The boy was taught that laziness was the worst form of original sin. Hence he must rise early and make himself useful before he went to school, must be diligent there in study and promptly home to do "chores" at evening. His whole time out of school must be

filled up with some service, such as bringing in fuel for the day, cutting potatoes for the sheep, feeding the swine, watering the horses, picking berries, gathering vegetables, spooling the yarn. He was expected never to be reluctant and not often tired.

Hunting and fishing combined play and hard work and some gain for the boys, and maple sugar making must have been pure pleasure for both boys and girls.

Girls, by the way, had plenty of so-called fancy work, less pleasurable one may think than the active work and play of the boys, but most diligently pursued, whatever we may think of the results as artistic products. Two charmingly quaint pictures illustrate these industrious little spinners and seamstresses. Some of the ornamental work pursued with the greatest delight is particularized in an advertisement of a young ladies' school in Boston:

All sorts of fine work, Feather Work, Painting on Glass, Turkey work for handkerchiefs two new ways, fine new Fasion Purses besides Plain work.

Pretty flowers for bonnets were made of tiny feathers. Very few of these have been preserved as we may imagine. Painting on glass must have been an attractive pursuit, though too expensive for girls of ordinary means. The most universal sort of elegant work was the sampler of which many have been preserved. The sampler was educational and was supposed to be beautiful. Little girls began by making quite easy ones. Perhaps the alphabet was worked first in simple stitches, then a sentence from the Bible, and then a picture of a bird or animal in impossibly bright colors; the whole was finished with the name of the

The Sampler

worker and the date. A much more elaborate and really beautiful piece of work is that of Lora Standish, daughter of Miles Standish, the Pilgrim soldier, still to be seen in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth. This is wrought with fine and difficult stitches and in well thought out coloring.

The strangest use of this work was in "mourning pieces." This embroidery usually was done on a black background and consisted of funeral urns, monuments, weeping willows, and sometimes a weeping figure. These pieces were a mark of respect very highly valued and were often framed like pictures and hung upon the parlor wall.

Sampler verses showing originality were much used. The following is perhaps one of the more elaborate:

Dorothy Lynde is my name
And this work is mine
When I am dead and laid in Grave
This needle work of mine can tell
That in my youth I learned well

And by my elders also taught
Not to spend my time for naught.

The two following show the commoner rhymes :

This is my sampler,
Here you see
What care my Mother
Took of me.

and this other not less quaint :

Mary Jackson is my name,
America my nation,
Boston is my dwelling place
And Christ is my Salvation.

Knitting was a universal kind of work for children. Little girls of four years could knit stockings and mittens, and older girls were taught beautiful and fanciful stitches. Silk stockings with initials knitted into the fabric were part of the wedding outfit of one bride of whom we read. Piecing quilts was another very useful kind of "pick up" work, which gave opportunity for much ingenuity and taste on the part of the little workers.

CHAPTER XI

Spoiled Children

Could it be possible that any children were unmannerly, self-willed, selfish in the sense in which we use the word "spoiled" nowadays? If we depend upon the records of colonial children, we find nothing to show that there were any. We may find some account of such children, however, in letters written from Boston about some little girls who had been sent to that city for training in private classes.

It seems that many good families in Boston opened their homes as boarding places for children sent from southern colonies and the Barbadoes. These young people must have been very differently brought up from the

little Puritans, and their actions were often trying to the good ladies who had them in their homes.

A letter written by a Boston hostess to her niece tells the story of an adventure of two of her boarders which excited her anger as well as her pity. She says, "I could have cried for I really pitied them — nothing left fit to be seen."

It seems the two sisters had permission to take a walk, — a long walk to a neighboring village. They started at sunrise of a Thursday morning, coming back Saturday before noon. Their hostess had trusted their good sense, I suppose, in the matter of clothes suitable for such an outing. Their ideas, however, were quite different from New England notions of fitness. They started, "dressed in their damasks, padusoy, gauze, ribins, plapetts, flowers, new white hats and black leather shoes." Their return was a shock to the good lady in whose house they had their lodging. She says:

Never did I behold such distruction in so short a space — bottom of coat fringed quite round, besides places worn entirely to floss, damask from shoulders to bottom, not lightly soiled, but as if every part had rubbed tables and chairs that had long been used to wax mingled with grease — nothing left fit to be seen.

These children were spoiled according to the Puritan ideas of fitness, neatness, and economy. In more serious ways, too, they showed their conceit and dislike of guidance. In the same letter in which Mrs. Deming tells the adventure of the walk and the spoiled garments, she complains of their shallow knowledge: "The eldest talks much of learning dancing, music, the French tongue, &c. The younger, with an air of her own, advised the elder to learn first to read English and was answered 'Law, so I can well eno' a'ready.' You've heard her do what she calls reading, I believe." She finishes her letter thus: "What signifies it to worry about beings that are and will be just so? I can and do pity and advise, but I shall get

no credit by such like. Poor creatures! Well! we have a time of it!"

The story of another little maid from Barbadoes shows the same self-will and love of finery. She was sent to her grandmother, Madam Coleman, to be cared for while getting an education. This lady had taken charge of little Sarah's brother Richard during his school years. This is the same Richard who spoiled so many "hankers" by knotting them at one end and beating the boys with them, and who would not wear the new silk coat that had been made for him. And this is the same good grandmother who so kindly and carefully trained him into habits of care and thrift that finally made of him a man of worth and influence.

The little girl was eight years old when she came to Boston. She had with her a maid, and the remains of a great store of sweets which had been provided for her eating on the voyage from Barbadoes. The grandmother's first letters to her son are very

cheerful. She speaks of the little girl as "well and brisk." She must have been having a good time, too, as twentieth century boys and girls say. She made many acquaintances and we read of a feast given by her to them, where the "store of sweets" was finally finished. One would think she was very happily settled and likely to become a well trained little Puritan.

This child of eight years must have sorely lacked good training, however, as she very soon left her grandmother's house without permission and went to board elsewhere; the only reason she gave to her parents was that her grandmother made her drink water at her meals!

Her father was absent in London at this time and her brother Richard wrote immediately to the grandmother:

We are sorry to hear of her Independence in removing from under the Benign Influence of your Wing, and am surprised she dare do it without our leave or consent, or that Mr. Binning receive her at his house before he knew how we were affected by it.

He goes on to say that he has written Mr. Binning to resign his sister with her maid to her grandmother immediately, and has also strictly ordered her to return, —

which we hope she wont venture to refuse or disobey.

We conclude that she did not disobey this command, as, some months later, her long-tried grandmother makes a complaint that

Sally wont go to school nor to church and wants a nue muff and a great many other things she don't need. I tell her fine things are cheaper in Barbadoes. She says she will go to Barbadoes in the Spring. She is well and brisk, says her brother has nothing to do with her as long as her father is alive.

Rather a saucy thing to say of a kind big brother, is it not?

It would seem that the father, when he came from England and was told of his unruly little girl's doings, took her part in some matters of complaint. He wrote to his mother that certain things which she had required were not "befitting children of their station." Instead of water, for instance,

they should have wine and beer. Sally should also have a room entirely to herself as befitting a young lady.

I do not doubt that the grandmother did all as the little girl wished, since the father seemed to uphold her in her requests, without considering whether they were reasonable.

Sally was a bright little girl and in spite of willfulness, learned to sew, write, and dance very well. She grew up and married Major John Wentworth, and Brother Richard writes, "I heartily rejoice in Sally's good fortune."

We are glad the little maid came out so well, and believe the good influence of her grandmother's Puritan household had much to do in making her life a long and happy one.

CHAPTER XII

Puritan Discipline

A story was told me long ago, about a great grandmother of my own whose idea of discipline seemed to me very harsh and mistaken. One of her sons, a bright and active boy, refused one day to obey her in a slight matter. He must have been a little fellow as she handled him quite easily. She tied a rope about his waist and lowered him into an open well, holding him there just above the water until he "gave in" and said he was ready to obey her will. This was called "breaking the boy's will," and doubtless some other mothers admired the strength of mind which enabled this lady to inflict such severe punishment. The boy grew up into a very good man, but a good deal of a

failure in all practical matters. He lacked will power and energy as well as good health. I cannot help thinking that the harsh discipline of that Puritan home had something to do with his failures.

You will say, "What a contrast to present day methods!" Truly, and yet those parents were acting for what they thought the best interests of their children. There is much that is tender and high minded in the relations between parents and children, as is shown in the letters and diaries of the last chapter, and we must not dwell on this painful side of family discipline.

We may believe that parental love and deep religious feeling would make such punishments endurable, but in the schoolroom, and with discipline in the hands of ignorant, sometimes brutal, schoolmasters we may well shudder at the results. The rod was everywhere the educator, supposed to be the only agent for breaking and beating down "that stubbernes and stoutnes of mind" inherent

in every child. Punishments were not only cruel, but infinitely varied. The following account of one of these original and ingenious punishments is given by a pupil of the famous Boston schoolmaster, Ezekiel Cheever:

I was a very naughty boy, much given to play, in so much that Master Cheever openly declared, "You, Barnard, I know you can do well enough if you will, but you are so full of play, you hinder your classmates from getting their lessons, therefore if any of them cannot perform their duty, I shall correct you for it." One day one of my classmates did not look at his book, and could not say his lesson, though I called upon him once and again to mind his book. Whereupon our master beat me. The boy was pleased with my being corrected and persisted in his neglect, for which I was still beaten and that for several days. I thought in justice I ought to correct the boy and compel him to a better temper; therefore, after school was done I went to him and told him I had been beaten several times for his neglect and since master would not correct him I would and then drubbed him heartily.

One feels a real satisfaction in that hearty drubbing!

There is no record of extraordinary cruelty in the New York schools. Perhaps we may

accept Ichabod Crane as the type of master in this colony, — ignorant and selfish but not so unsparing and ingenious in punishment. There is a record of one German schoolmaster in Pennsylvania that contrasts cheerfully with the heartbreaking stories of New England schoolrooms. Samuel Dock tells his own story of his treatment of pupils. He drew pictures for them and taught them singing. He made a careful set of rules for their behavior. His whole effort was to make good citizens out of a set of "brutish peasants," and his methods were those of kindness and interest in work rather than the stupid discipline of most schools. He taught spelling and reading with much Bible instruction. He did not teach Catechism since he had pupils of many sects and denominations. One is grateful for a story of such a school and of such a teacher in the midst of so much that is revolting in the history of education in the colonies. This is his own account:

How I Receive the Children in School

It is done in the following manner. The child is first welcomed by the other scholars, who extend their hands to it. It is then asked by me whether it will learn industriously and be obedient. If it promises me this, I explain to it how it must behave; and if it can say its A. B. C.'s in order, one after the other, and also by way of proof, can point out with the forefinger all the designated letters, it is put into the A-b, Abs. When it gets thus far, its father must give it a penny and its mother must cook for it two eggs, because of its industry; and a similar reward is due to it when it goes further into words; and so forth.

Cotton Mather, the famous Puritan divine, strongly opposed the constant use of the rod, both in homes and schools. His son wrote of him:

The slavish way of education carried on with raving and kicking and scourging, in schools and in families, he looked upon as a dreadful judgement of God on the world; he thought the practice abominable and expressed a mortal aversion to it.

The reason for all this "raving" and "kicking" in education is not far to seek. Those God-fearing parents were only anxious

for the best and highest in character for their children, and, living themselves in constant fear of such wrongdoing as should doom them to an eternity of punishment, they knew no other motive for their children than the same fear of bodily pain and hardship. Governor Bradford writes in his beautiful way of the necessity felt by the tenderest parents to train their children in the best way known to them:

> As necessitie was a taskmaster over them, so they were forced to be such, not only to their servants but, in a sorte, to their dearest children; the which as it did not a little wound ye tender harts of many a loving father and mother, so it produced likewise sundry sad and sorrowful effects.

These effects he goes on to say were first, loss of health in the best and most helpful of their children, those who "lernde to beare the yoke in their youth" and were willing to bear part of their parents' burden; these were bowed under the weight of the same and became decrepit in their early youth.

But that which was more lamentable and of all sorrows most heavy to be borne was that many of their children were drawn away by evill examples into extravagant and dangerous coarses, getting ye raines off their necks, and departing from their parents.

Now which deserves most the sympathy of twentieth century people, overanxious parent or misunderstood child?

Another and far different means of discipline was the religious training which was given in home and school. We have seen that Catechism was a part of every school course, so that the training in theology was well looked after. The use of the Bible in school and home was universal. In itself it was a treasure, won by untold suffering. They remembered that the bringing into England of Bibles had been forbidden in 1633 and reading the Bible at their meetings sternly prohibited. Here in the new land they were free to read the beloved Book and to use it as the law of their lives. The children were taught to revere it as the chief

thing in their experience, to read and reread it from cover to cover, Leviticus and Numbers as well as the Psalms and Gospels. Much of the reading must have been incomprehensible to the children but was struggled through as a duty. Much, however, must have appealed to them and influenced them as the savage discipline of the schools failed to do. They knew and loved all the beautiful Old Testament stories, the more as their stock of stories was limited and poor. The effect of familiarity with the Bible upon their speech and writing in later days, the force and dignity of expression gained by such continued study of the Book of Books has been noted by many writers. For my part, I like to think that the children found in the Bible a moral training broader and better than that taught in the schools.

We would not use the Book in that way. We should fear that much would be distasteful to childish thinking, much quite beyond childish comprehension; and indeed

there were effects that were deplorable beside the entire lack of understanding. Judge Sewall, whose diary gives us so much of the home life of those early days, writes thus of one of his daughters, a loving, diffident, timid child. She was five years old when he made this entry:

It falls to my daughter Elizabeth's share to read the 24 of Isaiah which she does with many tears not being very well, and the Contents of the Chapter and Sympathy with her draw Tears from me also.

This Puritan father probably thought such sensitiveness commendable in the child, an evidence of that "fear of the Lord" in which they all lived. An entry in Cotton Mather's journal shows the same effort on the father's part to train the child to thoughts of painful things as a means of character growth:

I took my little daughter Katy into my study and then I told my child I am to dye shortly and she must, when I am Dead, remember everything I now said to her. I sett before her the sinful Condition of her Nature, and I charged her to pray in Secret Places every day. I gave her to understand that when I am

"It Falls to My Daughter Elizabeth's Share to Read the XXIV of Isaiah."

taken from her she must look to meet with more humbling Afflictions than she does now she has a Tender Father to provide for her.

Cotton Mather lived for thirty years after this terrifying lesson to "little daughter Katy," long after the little one had died and so perhaps escaped the "humbling afflictions" he had tried to impress on her four-year-old mind.

The Sabbath day discipline of children was especially hard on them I think. The Sabbath began Saturday night, when all week-day occupations must be laid aside and children and grown people prepared for the long sermons of the next day, by study of the Catechism and theology. In the churches an officer called a "tithing-man" was in charge of all the younger people. The boys were seated together, often in the most uncomfortable place in the church, sometimes on the pulpit stairs, sometimes in a high gallery away from all other worshipers. Thus treated, they gave the tithing-man plenty

to do undoubtedly, so much indeed that assistants had to be employed in many cases. The duties of this unpopular official were numerous. He must keep out dogs from the meetinghouse, correct unruly and noisy boys, and wake up those who slept in the course of the two- or three-hour sermons. For all the purposes, he was armed with a long stick which had a knob at one end and a fox tail at the other. The knob was for the heads of "unruly" boys, the fox tail to tickle the faces of the unfortunate sleepers. Strangely enough, in spite of all this Sabbath-day discipline, the boys were noisy and their fathers fell asleep under the most rousing discussions of theological topics.

CHAPTER XIII

Very Naughty Girls

With all the severity of discipline for children practiced in these colonial days, some of the naughtiest, the most mischievous children that ever lived were those two children of Rev. Samuel Parris, pastor of the church in Salem village, and Ann Putnam, daughter of Sergeant Thomas Putnam of Salem village. These children were the originators of the Salem witchcraft craze. They were nine, eleven, and twelve years of age, the two oldest of the group being seventeen and twenty years of age.

What was witchcraft? We must understand what is meant by that word, — what it meant to these seventeenth century people. In early times, and always indeed, it had

meant direct intercourse with Satan, the great prince of evil. A witch or a wizard was a woman or man who had made a bargain with that dreadful creature, by which he or she gained great power of harm to good people on condition that their souls at death were to be delivered to the wicked one to be tortured through an eternity of agony. Many were supposed to have signed a book recording this compact, signed sometimes with their own blood. Witches were supposed to have unholy meetings with their master, in which they obeyed his orders and made evil plans. To these meetings, in the depth of the forest or in some lonely desert place, they came flying through the air on broomsticks.

Some ignorant and simple people have in our own time equally absurd beliefs about the supernatural. The trouble with these people was, however, that everybody believed in this dreadful power of the Evil One and feared him as they feared God. Not only

in this lonely colony of the new world, but all over the world was the belief in witchcraft a very real and living thing. In every case, too, the penalty of the crime was death. "If any man or woman be a witch, that is hath or consulteth with a familiar spirit they shall be put to death." This was the language of the old colonial law, and it was substantially the same as in all the countries of the old world.

The excitement at Salem was not the first outbreak of the superstition in New England. In 1648 occurred the first execution for witchcraft in the new world. Margaret Jones was tried and found guilty in Charlestown and was hanged. Governor Winthrop tried her case, and gives some account of it in his diary. He says the evidence against her was "that she was found to have such a malignant touch as many persons, men, women, and children, whom she stroked or touched with any displeasure, were taken with deafness or vomiting, or other violent pains or

sickness." No man stood higher in the colony than Winthrop. The fact that he was so imposed upon, shows the strength of the belief in witchcraft shared by high and low, educated or ignorant. In 1679 occurred in Newburyport another notable case, that of Mrs. Morse who was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. Governor Bradstreet, however, granted her a reprieve until a new session of court, at which she was again reprieved in spite of a protest from the House of Deputies. This action of Governor Bradstreet entitles him to everlasting honor, as much wisdom and courage were needed to resist the overwhelming public opinion of the time. He was one of the few men in authority who dared to differ from the mistaken majority. He cannot rank with Winthrop or Cotton Mather in mental ability, but he must have been their superior in clear common sense.

Then in 1692 came the Salem cases, almost as dreadful as the Southern lynchings of

to-day. A very little of the painful story I am going to try to tell.

In the family of the minister, Samuel Parris, were a daughter Elizabeth, nine years old, and a niece, Abigail Williams, eleven. They had two servants who had been slaves and were hardly civilized. Of course, they had the fascination for the children that anything so out of the common order of things would have, and no doubt the children reveled in the strange stories they listened to in the fire-lighted kitchen of evenings. Stories of ghosts and demons and witches they were, and after a very little the children were allowed even to take part in the savage ceremonies of incantation, — to practice what they had learned of the black art. We may fancy that they made waxen images of those who had displeased them during the day, for the pleasure of sticking pins into them at night, and wishing for every pin prick a sharp pain to their intended victim. This, I have read, was one of the most approved methods

of witchcraft. Savage play only that was, if it might have stopped there.

The games went on, however, and it occurred to the children that it might be better fun to play that they themselves were bewitched. It began to be noticed that the children were behaving in a most unusual manner, "crawling into holes and creeping under stools and chairs, making antic gestures and talking foolish and ridiculous stuff which neither they themselves nor others could make any sense of." Even the Minister finally found out that something ailed the children and that strange doings were in his kitchen. The doctor was called and being unable to name any disease from which they were suffering, declared they were possessed of the devil — bewitched in short. Our doctors of to-day would understand such cases and deal with them intelligently.

Immediately the whole community was aroused. Ministers and doctors and neighbors came to observe this nonsense of the

children, and all agreed that they must be bewitched. The Indian woman, Tituba, professed to know how to find the witches who were tormenting the children, but when the small hypocrites learned that she was really using some strange means to discover them, they were stricken with fear of what she might be able to do and declared that she herself was the unholy creature who tormented them. They said she pinched, pricked, and tormented them, all of which she denied most earnestly. They also named two women as their tormentors, both old, sickly creatures, one of them having a bad temper. She was tried, condemned, and executed. A minister who was present at the execution told her as she was led to the scaffold, "You are a witch and you know you are a witch." The poor woman answered him fittingly, "You are a liar; I am no more a witch than you are a wizard, and if you take my life, God will give you blood to drink." The other woman accused denied all knowl-

edge of witchcraft and all injury to the minister's children. She died in the jail in Boston a few weeks after her trial. The hardships and brutality to which she had been subjected were too much for this feeble woman of sixty years. She was truly one of the martyrs of this sorrowful crusade against the devil. As for the Indian Tituba, one feels as though justice would demand punishment for her at least equal to that of the others concerned. Her testimony was quite evidently a tissue of lies, silly and contradictory. She was sent to jail, and finally sold into slavery as no one appeared against her. The good people and ministers were perhaps too much afraid of her Satanic powers to persecute her further.

Ann Putnam, twelve years old, was another of this group of children who did so much harm in the world — more harm than perhaps any children ever did, before or since. Her name appears many times as accuser and complainant. One of the women whom

she accused was Mary Estey, or Eastey, and with her story we must finish a brief survey of the witchcraft craze as connected with the children. Poor children! they were as much the victim of a community craze as the supposed witches who suffered death.

Mary Eastey was a woman of fifty-eight years, the mother of seven children. After her first trial, which was of the usual sort — accusation and denial — she was released, as the magistrates were evidently unconvinced of her guilt. Two days afterward one of the older girls had a fit and was of course bewitched. Ann Putnam was sent for, I suppose, as an experienced witch hunter, to say who was the guilty party this time, and Mrs. Eastey was named. "After midnight she was aroused from sleep by the unfeeling marshal, torn from her husband and children, carried back to prison, loaded with chains and finally consigned to a dreadful and most cruel death. She was an excellent and pious matron. Her husband twenty years

after justly expressed what all must feel that it was a 'hellish molestation.'"

While in jail she asked that the judges would act as counsel for the accused and direct them in their defense. Needless to say that this petition was unnoticed. Mary Eastey was convicted and hanged September 22d of that fateful year. While in prison she wrote a letter or petition to her judges, begging them, not for mercy for herself, but for justice for others who were accused as she had been. She says, "I petition your Honors not for my own life, for I know I must die and my appointed time is set; but the Lord he knows it is that if it be possible no more innocent blood may be shed, which undoubtedly cannot be avoided in the way and course you go in. I question not but your Honors do to the utmost of your powers in the discovery and detecting of witchcraft and witches and would not be guilty of innocent blood for the world. But, by my own innocency, I know you are in the wrong way. The Lord

in his infinite mercy direct you in this great work, if it be his blessed will that no more innocent blood be shed. I beg your Honors not to deny this my humble petition from a poor, dying, innocent person."

Doubtless this noble, pathetic letter had its influence in stemming the tide of cruelty that seemed so strong at the time. Not many months later the judges and ministers began to recover themselves and use their common sense. Those who were still in prison were released, and this most sorrowful chapter in colonial history was closed.

Little Ann Putnam who testified in nineteen of these cases, and was chief in accusing Mary Eastey, lived to repent of her sin most bitterly. Her father and uncle were accusers of many, and the child must have been influenced largely by them, and by the notoriety and a sort of regard which she won in the community. In 1706 her pastor read her confession to the church: "I desire to be humbled before God for that sad and humbling

providence that befel my father's family in the year 1692; that I, being in my childhood should by such a providence of God be made an instrument for the accusing several persons of a grievous crime, whereby their lives were taken from them, whom now I have just grounds and good reason to believe they were innocent persons; though what was said or done by me against any person I can truly and uprightly say before God and man, I did it not out of any anger, malice or illwill, but what I did was ignorantly, being deluded by Satan. And particularly as I was a chief instrument of accusing of goodwife Nurse and her sister (Mary Eastey), I desire to lie in the dust and be humbled for it, in that I was a cause, with others of so sad a calamity to them and their families, for which cause I desire to lie in the dust and humbly beg forgiveness of God."

Such is the sorrowful story of the wrongdoing of these Puritan children. We can only excuse them by remembering that all of

their elders believed in witchcraft and feared the so-called witches, and that because they were children they fell so easily under the influence of those ignorant, half savage servants in the minister's kitchen.

We are thankful that in later years they saw the harm they had done and repented bitterly their childish naughtiness and asked forgiveness of God and men.

CHAPTER XIV

About Their Manners

With all the careful oversight and determined discipline of these colonial children, it is no wonder that their manners were better than those of the children of the twentieth century; that is, their surface manners. That sort of free and easy conversation between parents and children by which the actions of the latter are now supposed to be governed, would have been a dreadful impossibility to our ancestors.

What should we think of a mother who required that her children kneel when they speak to her? Such a case is recorded by Elizabeth Lady Falkland who was never allowed to speak to her mother in any other position, "Sometimes for more than an hour together,

though she was but an ill kneeler and worse riser." Such an extreme of reverence was not common practice, yet the form of reverent courtesy to parents was everywhere present. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land thy God giveth thee" was the children's commandment. It is surely so still although our outward observance of that honor is very different.

Older folks were perhaps more carefully courteous in those days. The court records show that breaches of good manners such as calling names, making faces, and finger pointing, as well as lying and scandal, were punished by fine and imprisonment. Children must have been impressed with the danger as well as foolishness of such rude actions. Manners were more formal than with us both in home and street. We may think as we like about this kind of formality making life more agreeable; I am sure it made many people more endurable and easier to live with.

There were many books of manners printed

in England as early as 1600, and some of these undoubtedly were the manuals of colonial children. Here is a quotation from one of them concerning behavior at table:

Never sit down at the table till asked, and after the blessing. Ask for nothing; tarry till it be offered thee. Speak not. Bite not thy bread but break it. Hold not thy knife upright but sloping, and lay it down at the right hand of plate with blade on plate. Sing not, hum not, wriggle not.

In many houses children never sat at table even after the blessing, but stood through the meal; in others there was more formality — children even drank healths in a little wine.

Behavior in school and on the street has its carefully made rules, many of which twentieth century boys and girls would be the better for observing:

When any speak to thee, stand up. Say not I have heard it before. Never endeavor to help him out if he tell it not right. Snigger not; never question the Truth of it.

How much more delightful conversation would be if grown folks as well as children minded this rule for good listeners! In school the pupil is taught "to take off his hat at entering"; "to rise up and bow at the entrance of any stranger"; to "bawl not in speaking," and always to "give the Wall to Superiors." Rules for the student's passage on the street are equally minute:

> Run not Hastily in the Street, nor go too slowly. Wag not to and fro, nor use any Antick Postures either of Head, Hands, Feet or body. Throw not aught on the Street as Dirt or Stones. If though meetest the scholars of any other School, jeer not nor affront them, but show them love and respect, and quietly let them pass along.

"Love and respect" — that is rather a hard rule to observe is it not? One might refrain from throwing stones at them or even from "jeering," but to love and respect the school that has beaten you every time in scholarship and very often at baseball must have been a very hard thing to do.

This book of precepts in manners dates

from 1701, though it was reprinted in Worcester as late as 1787.

It must have been something of a study to those children to learn who were their "Superiors," to whom they were always to "give the Wall." Parents and teachers and ministers of course, but beyond these there was a classification according to position, property, and family, of which our children know nothing. Boys in college had their names placed in catalogues, not by scholarship, classes, or in alphabetical order even, but by the dignity and wealth of their family.

A college boy at Harvard had to give the best side of the staircase or hall to any one who was his social superior. People were seated in the meetinghouse with careful regard to differences of rank. How unamerican, undemocratic you will exclaim.

It must be remembered that these aristocratic communities were not yet American, but English colonials. Moreover, let us not be too sure that distinctions in wealth and

position are not recognized nowadays. There is to be sure no code of rules laid down for the proper treatment of "superiors" and that is a distinct advance on old times. Our public schools, too, are giving splendid training in democracy, and are making real Americans out of aliens who come from countries where the aristocratic system is as strong as that of England and her colony in olden days.

The regard for good manners was as strong in the households of poor people as in those of wealth and pretension. The life of the Brainerds, missionaries to the Indians, has been written by a relative who writes thus of their bringing up:

A boy was early taught a profound respect for his parents, teachers and guardians and implicit obedience. If he undertook to rebel his will was broken by persistent and adequate punishment. He was taught that it was a sin to find fault with his meals, his clothes, his tasks, or his lot in life. Courtesy was enjoined as a duty. He must be silent among his superiors. If addressed by older persons he must respond with a bow. He was to bow as he entered and left the school,

and to every man and woman, old or young, rich or poor, black or white whom he met on the road. Special punishment was visited on him if he failed to show respect for the aged, the poor, the colored, or to any persons whatever whom God had visited with infirmities.

There is an account of a blind piano tuner in Salem which well illustrates the last clause of the foregoing and shows that kindness and sympathy were really practiced as well as preached. This blind man was employed in many houses, though he had to be helped in his work by some member of the family. He was shown every attention due to an honored guest, served with cake and wine, and led home at the close of his hour. There appeared to be no "charity" in the modern meaning of the word in this treatment of a man suffering from one of the worst possible "infirmities," but a recognition that God had visited him and that people owed him help and care.

Contrasting with the sensible precepts taught to the Brainerds, were the rules laid

He Was Led Home at the Close of His Hour

down in a book of etiquette called the *Mirror of Compliments*, printed in England as early as 1635, but fortunately not reprinted in America till 1795. Here are the phrases supposed to be exchanged between the person giving a dinner and the receiver of the invitation:

Sir, you shall oblige me very much if you will do me the honor to take my poor dinner with me,

and the answer is equally formal,

Sir, you are too courteous and persuasive to be refused and therefore I shall trouble you.

A further polite speech is suggested for the entertainer at the close of the dinner:

Sir, pray excuse your bad entertainment at the present dinner and another time we will endeavor to make you amends.

The guest then makes the only sensible remark of the conversation,

Truly, Sir, it has been very good, without any defect, and needs no excuse.

Could anything be more unlike the simple sincerity and plain speaking we are accus-

tomed to think Puritan? We may be sure that such precepts were utterly disregarded, in favor of the plain, Scriptural language of their ordinary usage.

An English writer repeats a truth with which we are familiar, though here expressed in rather an unfeeling way:

> It is the intention of the Almighty that there should exist for a certain time between childhood and manhood, the natural production known as a boy.

A noted American author is quoted to much the same effect, as saying that a boy from twelve to twenty years should be headed up in a barrel and so left to grow. Both utterances show a humorous understanding of the subject. Boys are by nature active and mischievous creatures, and the boys of the colonies were not different from those of to-day. The office of tithing master, we may be sure, was no enviable one. There are records of disorder and turbulence which show us plainly the small effect of all these rules for behavior on a part of the population.

One more quotation illustrates this. It was written by an apologist for New England.

All the mischief done is the breaking of a few panes of glass by idle Boys, who *if discovered* had been chastised by their own Parents. They have built their Chapel in a Public burying place, next a great Free School, where the Boys may, some by Accident and some in Frolick, and some perhaps in Revenge for disturbing their Relatives graves by the Foundation of the Building, have broken a few panes of the Windows.

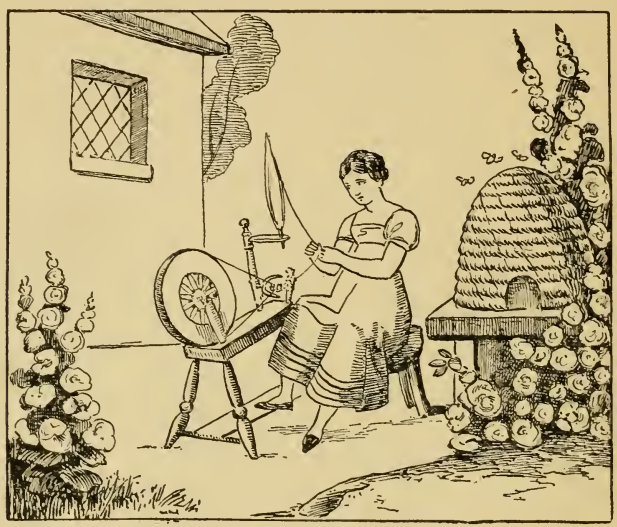
Undoubtedly, however, the careful training in courtesy and good manners which all these books of etiquette hint at, was useful in the new land. While they contained much that was artificial and not likely to be applied in everyday existence, there was also in them much that was sensible and useful. Life was made easier and more agreeable by the study of the little books. Some of us will testify that the most perfect ladies and gentlemen we have known are those trained in the "old school" by parents who had not lost the traditions of these colonial days.

CHAPTER XV

Children's Tasks

The elders in colonial families, even magistrates and ministers, took care that much time should not be given to play. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" was a proverb in constant use. The modern gospel of play as a means of education, physical and mental, had not even been dreamed of, and the amount of real work accomplished by children would be thought wonderful in any vocational school of to-day. On the farm there were plenty of useful things for children to do — sowing seed, weeding, and "choring." The housework furnished occupation for all the girls, little and big, of a household, and from many of the letters and diaries of the day we learn how diligent and

faithful these little women were in their appointed tasks. Spinning and weaving were simple industries familiar to most children.



A Girl in the Garden Spinning

The hand distaff, or "rock," was used for twisting the threads of cotton or wool. Good spinners could spin as they walked. On small looms girls wove tape and braids for use as ties for gloves, garters, belts, and other dress accessories. Even the boys wove garters

and suspenders. With a fear that parents might not enforce the law of work with sufficient strictness, the magistrates ordered that "children tending sheep or cattle in the field should be set to some other employment withal, such as spinning upon the rock, knitting, weaving tape, etc."

Much work on the flax was done by children, and much of the wool spinning and weaving in the households by little girls. They could spin on the "great wheel" when they had to stand on a footstool to reach up. They skeined the yarn and did many more difficult things in the process of weaving.

A boy's busy life on a Connecticut farm is described in an earlier chapter on Children's Handwork. There were many simple, useful tasks both indoors and out, which fell to his lot to do. There was not much time or energy left for such diversions as ball-playing.

The sawing and chopping of wood was a boy's industry — a very helpful one when we remember that coal for heating and cook-

ing was unknown and that there must be incessant work to keep the wood boxes filled in kitchen and sitting-room. Some of the boy's work brought him in a little money. All such opportunities were seized, we may be sure, by the hardy Yankee boy. He received six cents apiece for birch splinter brooms, the making of which was his best paying job. Splitting shoe pegs and gathering nuts were occupations very scantily paid. Gathering wild cherries paid better. They brought one dollar a bushel and were used for making cherry bounce or cherry rum.

Some occupations in which the boys were specially helpful must have been great fun as well. Maple sugar making was certainly one of these — a big spring picnic in which men and boys camped out for days, gathering and boiling the sap from the maple trees, which were as much a product of the farm as buckwheat or vegetables. Patches of snow still on the ground and icicles snapping from the trees made the charm of a scene very differ-

ent from the summer greenery. The great blazing fire of brush was perhaps in charge of the boys to keep up. Undoubtedly they told stories around it. Then the mysterious darkness of the woods about them, the vague expectation of wild animals, catamounts, wildcats, perhaps even Indians lurking in their depths — what fearful delight these brought in the long night watches. The sweet sap was boiled in great iron kettles and cooled in cakes. When poured over snow it made a very good candy. What more delicious dainty could have been added to the plain fare of the homestead! Surely work was better than play in sugar-making time.

Hunting and fishing, too, were more work than play for boys. The cattle had to be guarded from wild animals, wolves especially. These were caught in many kinds of traps rather than by shooting, and a bounty was given for every wolf head brought in. In old town records there are names of many

boys with "wolf money set to their credit." Foxes and bears were animals more destructive and dangerous than squirrels and hares. The History of Roxbury tells that in one week of September, 1725, twenty bears were killed within two miles of Boston. Wild turkeys and pigeons were caught in ingenious traps, and bounties were paid for rattlesnakes. It is amazing to see the bounty lists of some New England towns for snake rattles.

Another odd but very necessary piece of business in which boys had an important part was called "beating the bounds." Boundaries and division lines were kept in memory by walking round them once a year and noting anew the lines and landmarks. As it was most desirable that these should be impressed on the memory of young people, the boys were required to go with their elders. Sometimes they were given some slight reward for so much "perambulating." Pepys, that general English gossip, writing in 1661, said that he had heard that at certain bound-

aries the boys were smartly whipped to impress the bounds upon their memories! Let us hope no such inhuman custom disgraced our New England landholders.

Great piles of stone were used for marking boundaries as well as special trees which had to be replaced, perhaps, at these annual ceremonies. Disputed boundaries were settled and announced. All these precautions were necessary in the colonies, where land surveys were imperfect, land grants irregular, and boundaries of each man's land uncertain.

At the seashore, fishing was the greatest industry in which the boys played an important part. Early historians tell of what boys did on these occasions. John Smith says:

> Young boys, girls, savages or any others, bee they never such idlers, may turne, carry and returne fish without shame, or either great paine: he is very idle that is past twelve years of age and cannot doe so much; and she is very old that cannot spin a thread to catch them.

It was natural that the sea should attract the boys born on its shores. There was romance and mystery about the sailor — he had seen the great world and braved the dangers of storm and shipwreck. Many a boy ran away from the safe, monotonous life of the shore to the untried work of the whaler or fishing boat.

To turn from the record of such useful work accomplished by children, to their intellectual doings, is painful rather than pleasant reading. We have seen how ambitious parents were for the education of their boys, and how eager to begin their training in books so as to take as little time as possible from the serious business of earning a living. Some accounts of the precocity of children are almost unbelievable except that they are frequently given in connection with the early death of a poor, hard-pressed little scholar. Here are some of the accomplishments of a little son of a famous Englishman. The boy died in 1658:

He had, before his fifth year, not only skill to read most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of the irregular; could turn English into Latin and vice versa, could construe and prove what he read and knew the government and use of relatives and verbs; He had begun to write legibly and had a passion for Greek. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious; he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, be able to demonstrate some propositions of Euclid.

Then the father ends his proud account with the sentence:

He was all life, all prettiness, far from morose, sullen or childish in anything he said or did.
Poor sad father! and poor little overburdened boy.

In 1741 Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son, a boy of nine years:

This is the last letter I shall write you as a little boy, for tomorrow you will attain your ninth year; so that for the future, I shall treat you as a youth. You must now commence a different course of life, a different course of studies. No more levity. Childish toys and playthings must be thrown aside and your mind directed to serious objects. What was

not unbecoming to a child would be disgraceful to a youth.

This boy, too, died early and was a complete failure in everything he undertook. If these were the ideas of English parents in the most favored class, how much more intense would be the feeling of the Puritan fathers that their children must be forced into manhood's thoughts and cares as early as possible. These two boys were perhaps exceptional in heredity and opportunity, but there is plenty of evidence that too much was expected of the children and that the utmost diligence was demanded of them to accomplish even part of the work planned for them.

Boys entered the Boston Latin School as young as six years and a half. They began to study Latin even much younger. One lad who had learned the alphabet at one lesson, and could read the Bible at four years old, begged his father to let him study Latin. When his father declined, he studied the

Latin grammar through by himself, and would have prepared himself for college at eight years old had he been permitted to have his way. To be sure, such preparation would be very different from that of to-day. There was no science and little mathematics, but a boy must know a certain amount of Latin and Greek. Paul Dudley entered Harvard at eleven years, and his father's letter of introduction to the president shows how well he thought of him and his expectations for him: "I have humbly to offer you a little, sober and well disposed son, who tho' very young, if he may have the favor of admittance, I hope his learning may be tollerable; and for him I will promise that by your care and my care, his own Industry and the blessing of God, this mother, the University, shall not be ashamed to allow him the place of a son."

Parents expected a great deal from the children in those days. Their diligence and industry seem wonderful to us. To the

habits formed by the children, we may think were due some of their great accomplishments as men and women, — the clearing of forests, the building of states, and the spread of the Puritan spirit of freedom through the whole country.

CHAPTER XVI

What Colonial Children Read

Thinking of the bewildering number of books for boys and girls which twentieth century publishers are putting out, we may conclude that reading plays a great part in the training of our children. Books that are profitable and those that are pleasurable pour in unending streams into homes and schools. Undoubtedly they do have their influence in the lives of most children as well as grown ups.

Far different were the circumstances in colonial days. There were books then in no great profusion, but of a sort which no modern boy or girl would find readable. They had, to be sure, *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Æsop's Fables* which are still printed for children's reading. *Robinson Crusoe* was published in

1714 and *Gulliver's Travels* in 1726. Great books are these, and colonial children loved them better, because their interest was not lessened by comparison with the multitude of inferior books which divide attention nowadays. It is said that Fox's *Book of Martyrs* was found in many homes and was eagerly read by children. We may suppose that it supplied the lurid, dramatic element which some of the moving pictures give to-day.

From all we know of the religious temper of New England, we should expect that religious books for children were most highly thought of and the first supplied to them. This is the title of one of the most popular and widely read:

A Token for Children, being an Exact Account of the Conversion, Holy and Exemplary Lives and Joyful Deaths of Several Young Children, by James Janeway. Preserved and Published for the Encouragement of Piety in other Children.

The contents of this amazing book are simply unbelievable, and perhaps should not be

dwelt upon here. The stories told by Cotton Mather, who wrote part of the book, make us marvel at his power of believing what he wanted to believe, and at his ignorance of human nature, especially child nature. He tells of a child two years old who was able "savingly to understand the mystery of Redemption"; another babe was "a dear lover of faithful ministers"; another little creature had "eyes red and sore from weeping on his sins." Another dreary little book was written by one Thomas White, and contained stories similar to the ones Cotton Mather told. A child of eight wept for his sins and was inconsolable (apparently). He had "whetted his knife on the Sabbath day"; he had told his mother that he was cold (in answer to a question) and afterward was not quite sure that he had been cold. This he called "lying" and he bitterly repented such a sin. A modern boy would be inclined to doubt the reality of such excessive repentance. We may be absolutely sure that children

read these books very little, however much they were urged to by parents who believed these accounts of precocious little saints.

After a time some abridgments of the Bible were made for children. They must always have delighted in the beautiful Old Testament stories. Perhaps in many families, as in one I know of, Sunday afternoon was regularly given to the reading and telling of Moses, the little Hebrew baby in the basket of rushes, Daniel in the lion's den, and all the others, thrilling as the fairy stories and adventure stories that our boys and girls enjoy. I am afraid some attempts to shorten the Book were not equally adapted to childish comprehension and delight. Some were in rhyme, which most children like, and were printed in little books, three or four inches long, adapted to childish handling. A very curious book was called *The Hieroglyphick Bible with Emblematick Figures*. This was illustrated with five hundred tiny pictures, set with the print, which were to help in the

reading very much like an illustrated rebus. Altogether, we may conclude that the constant reading of the Bible was the real education of the young folks in religious things, rather than the exaggerated, morbid, sensational "religious books for children" which we have been considering.

Beside these serious books, children had very few in the early colonial days. It was not until 1744 when John Newbery, an English publisher, settled in London, and began publishing some books especially for their reading, that boys and girls had any real story and picture books. These were speedily exported to America, and no doubt were read as eagerly there as in England, though there were many things in them which must have puzzled the little colonists, — the "local color" was so different from that which they knew. Dr. Holmes expresses this strangeness in his usual vivid way:

There were books where James was always called Jem, not Jim; where schoolboys got through a gap in

the hedge to steal red-streaks instead of shinning over the fence to hook Baldwins; where there were larks and nightingales instead of yellow-birds and bobolinks.

The text of these books was largely written by Mr. Newbery himself, and had the curious feature of advertisement of his other books mingled with the story. For instance, where a child is to be presented with a book (in the story), he prefers one of "good Mr. Newbery's books." When Tommy Truelove (in the story) is to be given a reward for virtue or industry, he begs to have a little book, sold at the Book Shop in Bow Lane. Newbery knew how to appeal to the public of his time in other ways also. Here is one of his newspaper advertisements printed in 1755:

This day was published Nurse Truelove's New Year's Gift or the book of books for children, adorned with cuts, and designed as a present for every little boy who would become a great man, and ride upon a fine horse; and to every little girl who would become a great woman and ride in a lord mayor's gilt coach. Printed for the author who has ordered these books to

be given gratis to all boys and girls, they paying for the binding which is only two pence for each book.

The binding of many books, nowadays, is the most valuable part, but is not so frankly advertised.

The little Boston girl, Anna Green Winslow, read some of these books, though she had also *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Gulliver's Travels*. She had for a New Year's gift "History of Joseph Andrews abbreviated" in "guilt and flowered covers." These covers were really very attractive and are never seen on modern books, as they were made in Holland, and the stamps from which they were manufactured have all been destroyed. Although the covers were so delightful to childish eyes, the books were very cheap, some of them only a penny apiece, others sixpence. Even at this price there was no enormous circulation of these American reprints of English books. Few of them have survived the handling of even one generation of children. The reading habit was discouraged probably, and it

was not until the nineteenth century that the flood of books for young people began to rise.

The book which has lived beyond all the children's books of this and earlier generations is *Mother Goose's Melodies*. This was included in Newbery's lists as early as 1760, and another edition was published in Massachusetts in 1785. Some people would like to believe that the rhymes are of American origin, and that their author was a Mrs. Vergoose, a Boston woman. All the internal evidence, however, is against this theory. It is probably a collection of rhymes of English nurses, which had perhaps been said or sung in castles and cottages for many years before being collected and put into book form. Any one who doubts that they are eternally adapted to childish fancy should try reading or teaching them to the two-year-old babies of our generation.

Far different would be the reception of another of Newbery's books by the boys and

girls of to-day. It is entitled *The History of Tommy Careless or the Misfortunes of a Week.* On Monday Tommy fell into the water, spoiled his clothes, and was sent to bed. Tuesday he lost his kite and was sent to bed. Wednesday he fell from an apple tree and was sent to bed. Thursday he scalded his fingers and was sent to bed. Friday he killed the canary bird and was sent to bed. Saturday he was the means by which Dobbin the horse kicked the house dog to death, and afterward he caught his mischievous fingers in a trap, so he was sent to bed. Of course these misfortunes were all caused by Tommy's own carelessness, and if he did not reform after such a series of results, he must indeed have been an abandoned character! Fancy the comments of one of our Tommys on this moving history!

In all the books for children in colonial days there was a moral content, as is the case in our own day. In all the earlier books the appeal is to the fear of consequences.

Wrongdoing is to be punished in every case. Tommy Careless was sent to bed, which does not seem very severe to be sure. In other books much more tragical consequences follow. In a story-poem, for instance, a willful daughter was locked up by her father for extravagance. She made a league with the Devil, tried to poison her parents, but dropped dead when her wickedness was discovered. In another story called *The Afflicted Parents or an Undutiful Child Punished*, a brother knocks his sister down and kills her. He is captured, tried, condemned, and executed. In both stories, however, the moral is ruined by the absurd ending. Both the culprits, the young man and the wicked brother, come to life again, repent of their wickedness, and live happy ever after.

In stories of a later date, rewards for good children enforce the moral of the story. In the *History of Little Goody Two Shoes* published in 1787, the title page sets forth that the book is for the benefit of those

Who from a state of Rags and Care
And having shoes but half a pair,
Their fortune and their fame would fix,
And gallop in a coach and six.

The history tells in detail how the little Goody finally acquired learning and an estate by good thoughts and deeds.

A short story from a book called *The Father's Gift or How to be Wise and Happy*, even more strikingly illustrates this disposition to make the rewards of good conduct rather than the punishment of bad deeds the motive to right living.

There were two little Boys and Girls, the Children of a fine Lady and Gentleman who loved them dearly. They were all so good and loved one another so well that every Body who saw them talked of them with Admiration far and near. They would part with any Thing to each other, loved the Poor, spoke kindly to Servants, did every Thing they were bid to do, were not proud, knew no Strife but who should learn their books best and be the prettiest Scholar. The Servants loved them, and would do any Thing they desired. They were not proud of fine Clothes, their Heads never ran on their Playthings when they should mind their Books. They said Grace before they ate, and Prayer

before going to bed and as soon as they rose. They were always clean and neat, would not tell a Fib for the World, and were above doing any Thing that required one. God blessed them more and more, and their Papa, Mama, Uncles, Aunts and Cousins for their Sakes. They were a happy Family, no one idle; all prettily employed, the little Masters at their Books, the little Misses at their Needles. At their Play hours they were never noisy, mischievous or quarrelsome. No such word was ever heard from their Mouths as "Why mayn't I have this or that as well as Betty or Bobby." Or "Why should Sally have this or that any more than I;" but it was always "as Mama pleases, she knows best," with a Bow and a Smile, without Surliness to be seen on their Brow. They grew up, the Masters became fine Scholars and fine Gentlemen and were honoured; the Misses fine Ladies and fine Housewives. This Gentleman sought to Marry one of the Misses, and that Gentleman the Other. Happy was he that could be admitted into their Company. They had nothing to do but to pick and choose the best Matches in the Country, while the greatest Ladies for Birth and most remarkable for Virtue thought themselves honoured by the Addresses of the two Brothers. They all married and made good Papas and Mamas, and so the blessing goes round.

One little chapter from *Goody Two Shoes* closes this account of the books colonial

children read. This chapter was sometimes omitted in the printing as it was thought by some that the word ghost should never be mentioned to children.

How the Parish was Frightened

Who does not know Lady Ducklington, or who does not know that she was buried at this parish church?

Well, I never saw so grand a funeral in all my life; but the money they squandered away would have been better laid out in little books for children, or in meat, drink, and clothes for the poor. This is a fine hearse indeed, and the nodding plumes on the horses look very grand; but what end does that answer, otherwise than to display the pride of the living, or the vanity of the dead. Fie upon such folly, say I, and heaven grant that those who want more sense may have it.

But all the country round came to see the burying, and it was late before the corpse was interred. After which, in the night, or rather about four o'clock in the morning, the bells were heard to jingle in the steeple, which frightened the people prodigiously, who all thought it was Lady Ducklington's ghost dancing among the bell ropes. The people flocked to Will Dobbins, the Clerk, and wanted him to go and see what it was; but William said he was sure it was a ghost, and that he

would not offer to open the door. At length Mr. Long, the Rector, hearing such an uproar in the village, went to the clerk to know why he did not go into the church and see who was there. 'I go,' says William, 'why the ghost would frighten me out of my wits!' Mrs. Dobbins, too, cried, and laying hold on her husband said he should not be eat up by the ghost. 'A ghost, you blockheads,' says Mr. Long in a pet, 'did either of you ever see a ghost, or know anybody that did?' 'Yes,' says the clerk, 'my father did once in the shape of a windmill, and it walked all round the church in a white sheet, with jack boots on, and had a gun by its side instead of a sword.' 'A fine picture of a ghost truly,' says Mr. Long, 'give me the key of the church, you monkey; for I tell you there is no such thing now, whatever may have been formerly.' Then taking the key he went to the church, all the people following him. As soon as he opened the door what sort of a ghost do you think appeared? Why little Twoshoes, who being weary, had fallen asleep in one of the pews during the funeral service and was shut in all night. She immediately asked Mr. Long's pardon for the trouble she had given him, told him she had been locked into the church, and said she should not have rung the bells, but that she was very cold, and hearing Farmer Boult's man go whistling by with his horses, she was in hopes he would have went to the Clerk for the key to let her out.

And so we come to the close of this slight record of the work and play of our small ancestors. There are scant materials for any fuller account of their doings in the hundred and fifty odd years before 1776, yet we cannot doubt that much in their training helped to make the Revolution the success that it was. They grew up with the traditions of freedom and self direction which were their heritage from the Pilgrims, and when the time came for the trial of their faith in the seven-year struggle with England, the men who had been colonial children were ready.

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